THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1821, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 62. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 725 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1883. $1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No 41

RESIGNATION.

BY F. J.

Beneath the sheltering fern full long ago
The violets lay faded,
And by the brook-merged now the asters glow,
By flame-leafed maples shaded;
Withered the grass and flowers, fruit fallen, branches bare—
But who will care?

From these dark clouds, this dreary woodlandscene,
With heedless haste receding,
Toward skies that ever smile, bowers ever green,
The birds their flight are speeding:
Only the rook's harsh cry sounds on the shivering air—
But who will care?

Where joyous youth once loved and dreamed, and aye
Some high ambition cherished,
There lie but sadness and despair to-day,
And hopes forever perished:
Fires now within the heart leave only ashes there—
But who will care?

Friends flit—a fickle throng—and plume their flight
Toward fortune's happier greeting:
Their flattering tones are still, a gruesome sprite
Alone is aye repeating
Despair, despair, despair! and yet again despair!
But who will care?

Who care? Not I, forsooth! Beside the brook
A snowy shroud it falling;
Upon the leafless bough th' uncanny rook
Ceaseth his dreary calling;
And weary hearts oblivion's peace and rest shall share;
Then who will care?

A BLACK VEIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

SIR LANCELOT sat for some time in silence after he heard my story.

I could read the scorn and indignation in his face; I could see how his true sentiments and his wish to be loyal to his uncle warred with each other.

If he had spoken his mind, it would have been to express the burning indignation that possessed him.

"How can men persecute women, Laurie?" he cried out at last. "I cannot understand it."

It was grateful to me to see the fierce indignation on the handsome face, to know that some one beside myself felt for my mother's wrongs. After a time, he spoke again.

"Then it is uncertain, Laurie, whether your mother is alive or dead?

"The Earl knows nothing of her or her fate?

"I incline to the opinion that she is still living."

A quick thrill of happiness made my heart beat fast.

"By-the-bye, why do you think she took that money, Laurie?

"It seems strange."

"I should imagine that she had some good and noble end in view.

"She would not take it for her own use. I feel sure, that she has done some generous deed with it—built a home for children or for the sick possibly.

"I seem to have a sure presentiment of it. Tell me," I cried, clinging to the kindly hand that was my greatest hope and help in life—"do you think I shall ever see her?"

"I feel sure of it," he answered. "Energy and industry do wonders."

"May Heaven be merciful to me!" I said.

"My life has been so full of bitter disappointment.

"What shameful cruelty to tell my mother that I was dead!"

Lance shook his head.

"I understand it," he replied.

"I can imagine how, after a time, the Earl must have hated one so good, so saintly as your mother. Her every word and action must have been a standing reproach to him.

"He really loved evil, just as she loved good.

"We must not forget our compact," he continued.

"We are to be brother and sister: and I promise to do all that I can to help you to find your mother."

That evening was less disagreeable than the previous one had been.

The Earl's lawyer, whose name I afterwards learned was Norton, was shut up during the afternoon with my father, and the excitement and consternation downstairs were indescribable.

Lady Ullswater could not rest.

She wandered from one room to another, wringing her hands at intervals and murmuring to herself.

The girls looked half startled, half afraid.

They kept away from their mother. Once Daisy came to me.

"Is your father really dying?" she said slowly.

That was the first time she had acknowledged the relationship between us.

I answered that I did not know. He himself had said he was.

"It is true that he is making his will, is it not?" she asked anxiously.

"I believe so," I replied.

"Do you not feel very anxious?" asked Daisy.

'Not in the least," I answered.

She looked at me in wonder.

"You think your face will be your fortune," she said eagerly. "But in these degenerate days beauty without money finds little favor."

"What care I about money?" I said. "Through the cruelty of others, my life has been a loveless one.

"Love is all in all to me; I care for nothing else."

"You will be wiser some day," said Daisy.

"At present you look at life from a schoolgirl's point of view.

"You will have a very different opinion soon."

Soon after that the butler reported that Mr. Norton had gone, that the will had been duly signed and witnessed, and that Sir Lancelot was with the Earl.

Lady Ullswater sank back in her chair when this news was brought to her, her face quite white, and her eyes closed with the weariness of exhaustion.

"At last all this suspense is ended, Gladys," she said to her elder daughter. "My poor children, what shameful injury has been done to you?"

Dinner was served in the small dining-room.

There was a great stillness through the house, for the Earl was not so well, and would not let Sir Lance leave him.

I never saw my father again.

He passed away to the silent land without one word of affection or comfort for me.

After his death Lance told me of the terrible hours he had passed.

In the morning there was a tap at my door.

My maid had come to say that Sir Lance wanted to know if I would go down into the garden.

He wanted to see me very particularly there at once.

I said I would be with him in five minutes. I did not know then that my father was dead.

In the garden the sun was shining brightly, the birds were chirping; the air was sweet with perfume.

Lance stood waiting for me by the cedar-tree.

He looked very pale and ill, with a worn nervous expression.

His face brightened when he saw me, and he held out his hands.

"Laurie, you will forgive me for sending for you?" he said. "I wanted to see you for one minute alone. I hope I have not disturbed you."

"Not at all," I told him.

I loved the sweet morning air; I was used to it.

Indeed I felt just a little ashamed of myself; he looked so pale and exhausted, while I could feel the rose-tints mantling my face. He looked up at the blue heavens.

"Oh, Laurie," he said, "what is there beyond the clouds, what is there?"

"You are trembling, Lance!" I cried. "And I believe there are tears in your eyes! Is there anything wrong?"

"If ever a man felt inclined to shed childish tears, I do," he answered.

"Oh, Laurie, you cannot tell what the morning light is to me!"

Then he seemed to reflect for a few minutes, and to forget himself.

"Through the horrors of darkness into shining light," I heard him say.

Then he took my hands in his, and drew me nearer to him.

"Laurie," he said very gently, "your father is dead; he died just before the dawn."

I was silent, awe-stricken.

"I am Earl of St. Asaph now," he said, "and I want you to be the first to call me by my new name."

"May Heaven bless the new Earl of St. Asaph," I said, "and send him a life as bright as this summer morning!"

He bent his head and kissed me.

It was a sacred kiss—as such a kiss must always be, given in the shadow of death.

"I have been with him all night," he said; "and I would—this is simple truth, Laurie—I would rather die myself than go through such another night of horrors."

"Sit down under the cedar-tree," I said, "and I will get some coffee for you."

"Will you?" he said.

"You are very kind.

"I should like it."

"Have you taken nothing all the night through?" I asked.

He shuddered and he answered—

"No; I was too sick at heart.

"I thought the morning light would never come."

He must have passed a terrible time to be distressed in this fashion, he was so strong and brave.

"I cannot tell you," he said, "how good it is to see the morning light and—you."

I looked up at him suddenly.

"Lance," I said, "it must appear strange for a father to die and his daughter not even to shed a tear; but I had known the Earl so short a time, and he frightened me so."

His only answer was a moan of distress. What could have happened to unnerve him.

I ran off, found my way to the kitchen, and astonished the cook by asking for a cup of strong coffee.

I carried my prize away with me, and went back to the garden.

The young Earl was lying on the grass, and he had fallen asleep.

I looked at the handsome troubled face, and my heart went out to him; and, as I stood there watching him, he moaned, and then opened his eyes.

"Drink this," I said; "you need it, I am sure."

"Yes, I am most grateful for it," he replied.

Lance lay upon the soft green grass; I knelt by his side, and handed the coffee to him.

"It was a very happy thought of yours," he said.

"I was exhausted. How kind you are, Laurie!"

I could not tell him that it was a great pleasure to wait upon him.

"I wish you would tell me one thing," I said, as he put down his empty cup.

"I will tell you anything you wish," he replied; and then, as I paused, he said, "What was it you were going to ask me, Laurie?"

"What am I to call you now? Until I forget the horrors I have heard and seen, I do not think I could call you 'Lord St. Asaph'; it will become easier, no doubt, in time."

"Call me as you have hitherto called me—'Lance,'" he said.

"I shall always like that name best from you."

"Every time I say 'Lord St. Asaph' I think of my poor father," I said. And he looked at me with kindly eyes.

"It will be a long time before the name will have any pleasant associations for you," he said; "but I hope the day may come when you will like it better than any other.

"The St. Asaphs are a fine old race; but as you know, in every family there are black sheep.

"It generally happens that, when a man like the late Earl goes wrong he goes very wrong indeed."

We sat there for more than an hour—a solemn peaceful hour that I shall remember all my life.

No one could have been kinder to me than the young Earl.

"I shall never forget this morning," I said to him.

"I have never been so near death; indeed I have never had occasion to think much of it."

"It is a terrible mystery," he replied.

And then, when we had talked together happily for a few minutes longer, he arose.

"I must go now," he said. "I shall be very busy all day.

"I do not quite know whether I shall see you again.

"If you want me, or if anything troubles you, send for me. Always remember that, however busy I may be, I can find time to serve you."

"You feel better than you did, Lance?" I questioned a little anxiously.

"Thanks to the sunshine and you, I am myself again," was his answer.

Yet even as he spoke I saw his face pale at the recollection of what he had gone through.

I watched him as he crossed the lawn, and I thought to myself that there could never have been such a gallant, brave, kindly young fellow.

He walked erect, with manly grace. He looked so noble, so entirely to be trusted, that, even though my hopes had all been dashed to the ground and my father was lying dead, I could not help feeling a thrill of happiness as I looked after him.

I was on the threshold of a new life, and I re-entered Yatton House with a hundred good resolutions.

I prayed Heaven that I might seek the good all my life. I had had a terrible lesson on the evil of wickedness and sin.

Then came days when the house was dark and gloomy, the drawn blinds excluding all light.

There was a continual going and coming of strangers, a hushed noise of footsteps.

The Earl was to be buried in the great family vault at Yatton.

On the day after my poor father's death, when he lay in state in the chamber where he had died, Lady Ullswater came to me. Her manner was always cold, haughty, and distant.

On this morning there was something almost fierce about her.

"Have you been to see your father yet, Lady Laurie?" she asked.

"No; I have not even thought of it," I replied.

"Then you should. I do not suppose you had any great feeling of affection for the unfortunate man; but surely, as the most unfeeling of daughters would, you will wish him a last good-bye?"

"Is it absolutely necessary?" I asked, terrified at the idea.

"If you consider common decency and the keeping up appearances necessary," she replied.

"I must confess, Lady Laurie, that your question surprises me."

"I am very sorry, Lady Ullswater; but the truth is, I would rather not. I have never seen a dead person, and I should be frightened, I am sure. The last time I saw my father's face there was something like a gleam of kindness in his eyes. I would rather retain that memory."

"It would be a most unheard of thing if you did not do what custom and affection alike dictate," said Lady Ullswater. "Still of course it is no business of mine. But you will expose yourself to all manner of remarks and comments. You are the first cowardly St. Asaph I have known."

"I am not a coward, Lady Ullswater," I said.

"You are proving yourself a most arrant one," she retorted.

"If you think that, I will go at once," I declared.

"But I deny that I am a coward. It is only that I would retain as pleasant a memory as may be of my father's face."

"Empty sentiment!" said her ladyship. "My daughters, who are quite as refined and quite as delicate as you, have both been to take their last look at their uncle."

"Perhaps," I said, hesitating—"perhaps they have seen death before."

"My daughters," said Lady Ullswater, "have been brought up with a strict sense of duty.

"They do their duty at any cost to themselves."

"And I will do mine. I will see my father, Lady Ullswater."

An expression of fierce exultation came over her face.

I knew she wanted to persecute me, to make me suffer.

"Do not say I forced you," she said.

"Certainly not," was my reply. "If it is my duty, I will do it."

I do not know what she expected.

Whether she thought that I should die of fright, or lose my senses, or do something desperate, I cannot tell. It was certainly gross cruelty.

She led me into the darkened room, and I saw that the face which had been so terrible in life was a thousand times worse in death.

For years afterwards it haunted me.

"He does not look as though he had died happily," said Lady Ullswater.

I could not bear the shock. I was young highly sensitive, imaginative, and very nervous.

I uttered a bitter cry, and fell fainting to the ground.

When I recovered, I found that some one had carried me from the chamber of death, and that I was lying on the sofa in the drawing-room.

Lance, his handsome face full of concern was bending over me.

"She is better, mother," he cried.

"Of course she is better," said her ladyship.

"There never was anything the matter. It was merely a desire for a sensation. I hate girls and their ways."

"She ought not to have gone, mother. It was enough to frighten her to death. If you had consulted me, I should have said decidedly that she was not to go."

"You see, my dear Lance, I have not been in the habit of consulting you——"

"Oh, mother," he interrupted, "let us try to cultivate a spirit of harmony!"

He went to her and kissed her.

"I have so much to vex me, my dear," she said, half in apology.

"I know," he replied. "But that poor girl should not have seen that horrible sight—she should not indeed. She will get over it, I hope."

"Most assuredly she will," said her ladyship, with emphasis.

Then he came back and laid his hand upon my hair—the strong hand that yet was so gentle.

"I am so sorry, Laurie," he said. "I never meant you to to go back to that room. I feel as though I had been negligent in my care of you."

"That you never could be. I thought it was my duty."

"A very mistaken idea," he replied. "Laurie, half the people in the world mistake appearances for duty." And I knew that he suspected her ladyship of unduly influencing me.

* * * * * * *

Another dreary day.

The only thing that amused me was overhearing Lady Ullswater, who was shut up for long hours with her milliners, say to Gladys—

"No, my dear, I will not—emphatically I will not.

"I distinctly refuse to order any very expensive mourning until I know the contents of that most infamous will. Of course we must have crape dresses for the funeral; but, if the will be as I think, that is the only mourning I shall buy."

"It may not be an infamous will, mamma," returned Gladys, in a low voice.

"It is sure to be, Gladys," said Lady Ullswater.

"My dear," she added, in a mysterious tone of voice, "you saw his face after he lay dead? I need say no more."

CHAPTER XIV.

IT was a change indeed from the splendid mansion in London to Yatton, which was situated in the loveliest part of Devonshire.

We travelled in sombre silence, for the young Earl was not with us; his duties called him elsewhere.

When we arrived at the station, a carriage and pair awaited us.

Had we been going to anything but a funeral, what an enjoyable drive that would have been!

For the bonnie woods of Yatton are famed in song and story.

I was delighted to see the chestnuts in flower and the great limes in full leaf. I looked out with great curiosity for Yatton. I should have loved the place if my mother had seen it; but, as she had not, it possessed no sweet associations for me.

What a glorious place it was!

We drove through a magnificent park, and Lady Ullswater noted everything with a keen eye.

"He never touched any of the timber on the estate, Gladys," she said. "Not a single tree cut down! Lance may be proud of that.

"And what magnificent deer! I think I never saw finer. Poor Hugo was proud of his deer."

At last we came in sight of Yatton; and then Lady Ullswater could hardly control her delight.

"What a place it is, Gladys! What a noble facade!

"There is no place in England like Yatton—it is unique. I hope Lance will be happy here."

In all her excitement she never took the slightest notice of me or paid me the least attention.

We drove up to the grand entrance, and truly my heart beat with pride when I saw what a noble place it was.

The facade was noble; the carvings were superb.

The white terraces that sloped down to the gardens were magnificent.

"Ah, my poor brother!" cried Lady Ullswater.

She wished to render proper tribute to his memory, and at the same time she could hardly refrain from expressing some little exultation.

Here, as at Yatton House, the whole place was darkened, the entrance-hall being draped in black.

A solemn silence reigned; the servants moved with quiet tread.

Then came the lying in state in the great banqueting-hall, where tenants and dependants were allowed to come and take a last look at the splendid oak coffin containing the remains of their late lord and master.

After we reached Yatton, I did not see the young Earl until the day fixed for the funeral.

It had been decided that none of the ladies of the household should attend it; but each sent a wreath of flowers.

The long procession wound its way through the park; and then, after the solemn tolling of the bell had ceased, and an interval that seemed to me an age had passed, the house was itself again. The mourners had returned.

There was a long ceremonious dinner in the state dining-room, at which we were not present.

Then came the awful moment—to me it was indeed awful—when we were all summoned to the library for the reading of the will.

Lady Ullswater wore a profusion of crape; her daughters looked very handsome in their rich deep mourning.

My mourning-dress had been made like theirs; there was no distinction.

The library was a very long and beautiful room.

It looked over a fine sheet of water, on which the water-lilies gleamed in the sunlight.

My eyes wandered languidly over the room.

Many people were present.

To the most of them I was a stranger; but I could not fail to notice how intently I was observed.

Can I ever forget how the young Earl, who was talking to the Rector and the doctor, crossed the room when I had taken my seat, and stood behind my chair, as though he would protect me even from the shadow of evil?

What a sense of comfort came to me!

Then there was silence.

Mr. Norton opened the will and looked at it.

"The first thing I am directed to do by the written wishes of the late Earl," he began, "is to introduce all here present to his daughter, Lady Laurie, and at the same time to produce, for the inspection of all who wish to see them, a copy of his marriage-certificate and a copy of the certificate of the birth of his daughter, so that there may never be at any time any doubts as to her right to her name and title. Furthermore, he wished me to add that his separation from her mother was entirely due to himself, and that he esteemed his wife more than any other woman living."

There was a murmur of satisfaction: the young Earl bent down and whispered pleasant words in my ear. Mr. Norton went on reading from a private paper that he held in his hands.

"The late Earl desired," he continued, "that at his death Lady Laurie should continue to live with Lady Ullswater, who is constituted her guardian."

"I shall take care of you, Laurie," whispered a kindly voice in my ear. "I mean to be your guardian, and you shall do exactly as you like."

Heaven bless him, how good Lance was to me!

I longed to kiss the strong hand that rested on my chair.

Mr. Norton continued to read what I was to do and not to do.

Now and then came the consoling whisper—

"Never mind, Laurie; you shall do just what you like.

"Trust to me."

I fancied I saw a smile on one or two faces as the blond handsome head bent over mine.

Lady Ullswater never once deigned to look in my direction.

Daisy sat with her beautiful eyes fixed on me.

Then came the all-important will. There was a buzz of excitement, a rustling of crape; every one's attention was riveted. Of course everything entailed belonged to the young Earl; but, besides that, the Earl had left him some splendid legacies, among them a cellar of wine that could not be matched in Europe, and some valuable hunters.

Then came Lady Ullswater's turn.

I saw a tremor pass over her, and her handsome face paled when she heard her name.

To my beloved sister, Laura Ullswater, who has served me for so many years with faithful and disinterested affection, I bequeath three thousand a year, to be dealt with at her own wish.

I saw the expression of relief that came over the handsome face, how the nervous tension relaxed and the color rose. She was even more delighted when she found that the Earl had also left her a service of gold plate that she had always very much admired, a carriage and pair to which she had been accustomed, and some jewels that were not heirlooms.

Her ladyship was, for the moment, quite content.

Then came the question of the three hundred thousand pounds.

Fifty thousand were left to the young Earl Lancelot, fifty to Gladys, fifty to Margaret; and to his "beloved daughter, the Lady Laurie," my father left the remaining hundred and fifty thousand.

Lady Ullswater frowned ominously, and the faces of the girls darkened. He left me many valuable things besides—suites of jewels, pictures, books.

He seemed to have laid on his death-bed and thought of what would please me, and I was grateful to him.

No one was forgotten.

The housekeeper had an annuity of a hundred a year; and the contents of the will seemed to give satisfaction to every one except Lady Ullswater and her two daughters.

So it was understood that I was to be Lady Ullswater's ward; that I was to make my home with her at Ravenglas; that I was to submit to her; that my interests were in her hands.

She was to stand to me in the place of father and mother.

Ah me!

As she passed by me to the door of the room, the young Earl still leaning over my chair, she looked at me.

"You have cheated my daughters of their promised fortune; they have much to thank you for," she said.

He did not hear the words, for she hissed them in a half-whisper.

Then, turning quickly to him, she added in a sharp voice—

"Why are you leaning over that chair, Lance? Bring your sisters to my room."

"Certainly if you wish it, mother. But take Laurie with you; it is dull for her to be so much alone."

"I should think she prefers it," sneered her ladyship.

I saw the handsome young face cloud over and sadden.

Lady Ullswater swept out of the room, her crape train making her look even more dignified than usual.

"I am sorry," he said, "that my mother is not kinder to you. She is hasty, and does not think.

"It will be all right when you have been with us a little time.

"But you must let me make up to you for it."

And then in my heart I wished that his mother would be doubly cruel, that he might be doubly kind.

I knew afterwards that he went to his mother and remonstrated with her, telling her that it was foolish and prejudicial to herself to show so much ill-temper to me, and begging her at least to be civil.

"You cannot alter anything now," he said; "and it might have been worse."

"I hate the girl!" cried her ladyship. "If I could, I would decline the charge of her altogether."

"That is not spoken like yourself, mother," he said.

But I believe it was owing to the fact that she had said it that the young Earl declared he felt lonely in his great ancestral home, and implored his mother and sisters to remain there for the first year at least.

And her ladyship very gladly consented. She had been mistress of Yatton too long to care to leave it.

CHAPTER XV.

SUMMER had passed rapidly, and autumn had come.

The air was chill, the flowers were drooping, and the leaves were changing color.

Yet to me there was a charm about the chilly morning and the dewy nights, and in the wind that wailed so mournfully. Brown, crimson, and amber tints prevailed in the woods, and the shadow of summer past was met by the shadow of winter coming.

By this time I was accustomed to my new life.

I could never quite decide whether my father had made Lady Ullswater my guardian to revenge himself on us both, or whether it was his dislike to me and my mother that had made him devise so unkind and disagreeable a scheme.

Lady Ullswater never softened nor relented to me.

Gladys was not unkind, but she evidently reflected her mother's opinion.

Daisy was the most civil; but, in spite of her sweet face, I suspected Daisy. There was a gleam at times in her blue eyes that belied her words.

The Earl was fond of his mother and his sisters.

He believed in them, and they returned his affection.

Lady Ullswater had made a compromise as to the mourning; she had ordered it a little less deep and expensive than she would have done had the Earl left his money as she had thought he would. She issued an edict that we were to remain in mourning for three months.

"We might do more," she said to Gladys her confidant; "but we cannot do less."

And Gladys agreed with her.

So we wore mourning, and excluded all visitors.

Lady Ullswater was mistress of the whole place.

No one ever disputed her commands, or attempted to resist her authority. The Earl never interfered with her. What she said and did, always excepting with reference to myself, he considered well said and done.

Gladys was talking to her ladyship one morning about some little alteration which the Earl had not liked, but which she had insisted on.

"You have had your own way as usual, mamma," laughed Gladys. "I am of Lance's opinion, that the glass door was better where it was."

"I generally find my own way the best," said Lady Ullswater.

"You do well to exercise your will now," laughed Gladys.

"You will have to give it up when Lance brings a wife home."

"Lance will not bring a wife home for years," said Lady Ullswater. "I have a special talent for preventing that kind of thing."

"It failed signally, mamma, in one case," said Gladys significantly; "take care that it does not do so again."

"I shall take care, my dear," replied Lady Ullswater.

"I have had one lesson, and shall not forget it."

They had spoken quite openly before me.

One of her ladyship's favorite methods of showing her utter contempt for me and my opinions was to say the most extraordinary things before me—things one would have been inclined to think she would rather have concealed.

Certainly the ways of women are inscrutable.

Lady Ullswater would have sacrificed the comfort of many lives to gratify her own ambition.

She was supposed to love her son best in the world, yet she would have kept him unmarried the greater part of her life in order to remain mistress of Yatton.

So her true character was revealed to me. Self stood on her before all—was first and last.

I wondered, in a vague fashion, if the Earl would allow his life to be so ruled.

As time passed we settled down together. I did not see much of the mistress of Yatton.

I had my own rooms, and we met only at luncheon and dinner.

It rested with myself whether I spent the evening in the drawing-room or not. Need I say that I did so when the Earl was present, but never in his absence?

When the first three months after my father's death—they were spent in complete seclusion and mourning—were over, there were some signs of returning to the world.

I had glimpses of happiness.

One of the first things I did after the funeral, when, the sunshine once more filled the house, was to go to the picture-gallery where the famous portrait of my ancestress hung.

I was anxious to see whether I resembled her, as my father had said.

He had spoken with the greatest admiration of Lady Laurie Dundas.

The picture-gallery ran round the house, and was chiefly filled with the works of Italian masters and portraits of the dead and gone St. Asaphs.

The ceiling was superbly painted, the floor was of fine polished oak, with crimson carpet.

I soon found the picture I wanted, and I thought to myself that, if I was indeed Lady Laurie, I had some reason to be proud of my appearances.

She was a wondrously beautiful woman; the high courage of a noble race was in her face, which was faultless in its beauty, perfect in its expression—a face, once seen, never to be forgotten.

I was lost in admiration of Lady Laurie's eyes.

If mine were really like them, I—well I might hope to do something.

While I was looking at the dark, proud beautiful face of my brave ancestress, I heard a footstep beside me, and immediately

afterwards a hand was laid upon my shoulder.

How gladly I turned to meet the kindly glance of the young Earl!

"You are looking at your ancestress and namesake," he said.

"Ah, Laurie, I wonder if you would be ready to give your life for one you loved, as she did?"

"Yes, oh, yes!" I replied, thinking of him.

"I believe so," he said reflectively; "but I hope you never will be called upon to make such a sacrifice."

"I would rather die for one I loved than live without love."

I thought of what Miss Pentarn had said to me about being reckless, and I stopped.

"Your father told me that he had named you after Lady Laurie.

"You are like her."

"Do you really think I am—really like that picture?"

The light in his eye deepened, a flush came over his fair debonair face.

"May I tell you the truth?" he asked.

And I, thinking he was going to say "No," told him he might.

He bent over me, so that the clusters of his fair hair just touched my dark curls.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Hide and Seek.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

"ALICE," said Chris, "I don't like to see you take up with that fellow Littleton. I don't like him, and I don't trust him."

"Oh, dear me, Chris," I answered, "you make yourself a perfect worry and torment to me.

"I am sure I should like you much better if you would throw off that sorry look and let me have a little peace. You positively spoil all my pleasure."

And I put my handkerchief to my face, and, with infinite difficulty, squeezed a tear from my left eyelid.

I was more inclined to laugh when I saw the woe-begone expression on the frank honest face before me.

I knew that of all things, Chris most feared making me unhappy.

For that very reason, I suppose, I employed the dangerous talent all women possess of making a man feel that he has been cruel and inconsiderate.

Chris sat down beside me, and, taking my hand, said, with a voice which love, allied to natural courtesy, made more gentle and tender than any woman's—

"Alice, dear, forgive me if I spoke hastily to you.

"I trust you most fully, knowing how good and true to me you are, and I never doubt you for one instant. So we'll say no more about him, my love."

And he advanced his face to give me the kiss which usually sealed the reconciliation of our little quarrels. But I was not satisfied with my triumph.

I liked to hector it a little over my lover; moreover, I felt that I was in the wrong, which of course made me spiteful.

So I turned away my face, and replied coldly—

"Mr. Littleton is my uncle's guest, and I could not avoid him, even if I wished to.

"He is excellent company, and is everything that a gentleman should be, in spite of your jealous distrust of him."

Chris's face flushed, but he controlled himself, and gazed into my eyes with a look of tender reproach.

I tried to return his gaze with one of defiance, but failed utterly, and had to content myself with a very small-sized sneer.

"Good morning, Miss Lyman.

"Good morning, Mr. Thorpe," said a mellow voice at this moment, and Mr. Stuart Littleton stood before us.

He was an eminently handsome man—tall, and with that slight stoop, which gives an indescribable air of gentility to some men, as if their constant occupation is to bow to ladies.

"Your uncle, Mr. Headly, and I have sworn a truce to business for the rest of the day, and he refers me to you as the most accomplished person in the house in the art of passing time.

"Your uncle says your resources for making amusement are boundless; so oblige us by giving us the benefit of your most sage counsels."

I was angry at myself; and so, womanlike, I resolved to take my revenge on Chris, whose look of reproach haunted me. I was in one of those moods of unhappy recklessness which up to that time I had often indulged, but which since that day I have never abandoned myself to.

I felt that I deserved much more than the mild censure I had received, for I had neglected Chris most shamefully.

But I determined to deserve his reproach still further, and, if he chose to be jealous, to give him something to be jealous for. In this amiable frame of mind, I summoned all my wit, and entered heartily into schemes of amusement.

Mr. Littleton and I absorbed all the conversation.

Chris Thorpe could converse well and fluently, but I purposely chose such topics as he was unfamiliar with, and gave the conversation a tone of flippancy which he disliked.

Whenever he offered a remark, I either ignored it or crushed it with some stupid sarcasm, at which Mr. Littleton would be very much amused.

It was evident to me that the latter saw my purpose, and entered into it, and I am ashamed to say I welcomed his alliance.

Poor Chris proposed several games which would give him a chance of seeing me alone, but I scornfully rejected one and all, without even condescending to give a reason.

Now, a word about the parties to this little drama.

My parents had died while I was young, leaving me to the care of my kind uncle, Mr. Headly, in whose rambling old country house I spent many happy years.

They had been wealthy, and I was much sought after as an heiress, but had grown up together with Christopher Thorpe, a neighbor's son.

We had been lovers from an early age, and had been formally engaged over a year. Mr. Littleton was on a visit to my uncle as agent for a mining company, in which the latter had large interests.

They were often closeted together, and my uncle had a high opinion of his visitor's capacity, and understood him to come from an immensely wealthy family in the West. Throughout all that morning I treated Chris outrageously, and flirted desperately with Mr. Littleton.

At dinner I contrived to give him the seat next to me, and had the bitter pleasure of seeing the white face of my lover opposite to me.

His behavior during the day was admirable.

He never lost his temper once, and I had to acknowledge to myself that he had much more of the true gentleman about him than my new admirer.

After dinner, in spite of all my precautions to the contrary, Chris found me alone for a few minutes in the garden.

His face was pale and troubled, but his manner quiet and collected.

"I want to come to an understanding.

"Have I been mistaken in you?

"I thought you loved me."

"It seems you have been mistaken," was all I said.

"Then you wish this engagement broken off?" he asked.

"As you choose," I answered.

"Give me your hand then, please."

With trembling fingers—but, oh, so gently; he drew the betrothal-ring off, and kissing my hand, said—

"Good-bye!"

He then threw the ring on the stone-walk, and placing his heel upon it, crushed the hoop into a single straight line, and lifting his hat without looking at me, walked quickly away.

The agony of that moment I never wish to experience again.

I would have cried to him, but I felt suffocated, and could not speak.

I would have flung myself at his feet, but that my limbs refused to move.

I heard a slight cough behind me, and turning, saw Mr. Littleton's servant, Parsons, standing not far from me.

He looked away again instantly; but I knew that he must have beheld the whole scene between me and my lover.

That afternoon I was dazed with my misery, my punishment was so well deserved, but seemed so hard to bear.

I went through the various amusements mechanically, looking always for Chris; but he never appeared.

If he had done so, I would have begged him to forgive me before all the company.

They were a merry party of young folks, and game succeeded game.

Mr. Littleton was always at my side, making love to me in a thousand ways, and for awhile his assiduous attention and respectful though fervent manner overpowered my listlessness.

At length somebody proposed a game of "hide and seek," a famous amusement in that part of the country.

It fell to my turn to hide, and I was glad of it, for I had become sick of their gaiety, and wished to be alone.

I knew of a place where few were likely to seek for me.

At the top of the house was an observatory, in which was a very large chest.

For what purpose it had been used I do not know, but it was perforated with numerous apertures, and the boards had shrunken apart, so that any one could easily lie concealed in it without inconvenience from lack of air.

I hastened up to this observatory, and seating myself on the edge of the chest-lid, abandoned myself to my misery.

I cannot remember how long I remained there, when I heard footsteps coming up the narrow stairway that led to the observatory. I hastily concealed myself in the chest, and heard two persons enter, one of whom sat down on the lid above me.

"Bob," said a voice, which I instantly recognized as Mr. Littleton's, "we can neither be seen nor heard here, so we can have a little talk.

"By George, Bob! wouldn't it be a spec if I, Tom Simply, whose portrait adorns the rogues' galleries of almost every country in Europe, was to capture this pretty little American girl, with her cool million, eh?" The other, whose voice I recognized as Parsons, replied—

"You'd better be quick, though. Those forged letters of the mining company may be blowed on any day.

"And if you do marry this girl, how long do you expect to stay with her?

"Your face is pretty well known, I can tell you."

"My dear fellow, I will stay just until I get my hand on the money-bags, the way I did with that old French woman. All the women trust me," and he gave a sinister laugh.

I will detail no more of their conversation.

It is sufficient that I learned from it that they were a pair of distinguished scoundrels; that their first object had been to swindle my uncle out of a large sum of money by means of their false representations and forged letters; but the possibility of securing my affections had only flashed across the mind of the more accomplished villian when he saw that I was disposed to quarrel with my lover.

It was with a mixture of terror and relief that I heard these unconscious self-betrayals.

The gulf to the edge of which my heedless temper had driven me appalled me, and, cowering in the old chest, I made the most solemn resolution of my life—one that I have faithfully adhered to ever since—to check the perverse spirit which urged me to indulge my pride at the expense of my best feelings.

After this precious pair had gone downstairs, I waited until they were beyond hearing, and then stretched out my arms to lift up the lid of the chest.

Horror! it was locked.

The heavy lid had closed with a spring, and I was cooped up in a chest, in a lonely part of the large old building that was not visited once in a month.

My situation was most terrible; I shrieked again and again for help.

There was a rush of feet along the passage beneath, and up the stairs.

The lid was wrenched open, and I was drawn from the chest by the loving arms of my loyal Chris.

I could only murmur—

"Chris, my love, my darling! do forgive me!"

And I fainted on his bosom.

There is little more to be told.

When Chris left me he accidentally received some information which led him to suspect that Mr. Littleton was an impostor. Avoiding me, he had followed the villian about, and at length saw him and his servant go up to the observatory.

He followed them as far as the floor directly beneath the observatory, and awaited their coming down, hid underneath the stairway.

He was about to go down after them, when he heard my screams, and, wild with fear, dashed up to my rescue.

The two conspirators were arrested, and sent to prison on many charges.

Chris and I are now happily married, but in all my felicity I shudder when I think of my narrow escape from the convicted felon.

A BASHFUL YOUNG MAN.—Mr. Alfred Ethelridge is bashful; he does not deny it. Everybody likes him except the father of a young lady whom he adores.

The other afternoon Alfred went up the steps and rang the bell.

The door opened, and—papa stood glaring at him, looking a thousand things, and saying nothing.

Alfred Ethelridge had never felt quite so lost for language in his life.

Presently he stood on one foot, and said, "Good-afternoon!"

"Goofnoon!" grunted papa; which is, by interpretation, also "good-afternoon."

"Is—ah—is—er—or—Miss Lollipop—is your daughter at home?" asked Alfred, standing on the other foot.

"Yes sir," said papa, rather more shortly than Alfred thought was absolutely necessary.

Then nobody said anything for a long time.

Presently Alfred Ethelridge stood on both feet, and asked, "Is she in?"

"Yes, sir," said papa, not budging a step from his position in the door, and looking as though he was dealing with a burglar instead of one of the nicest young men in the village.

"Does she—can she receive company?"

"Yes, sir." papa said, savagely, not at all melted by the pleading intonation of Alfred's voice.

"Is she at home?"

"Yes, sir," papa said, coldly.

Alfred Ethelridge looked down the street and sighed; then he looked up at papa and shivered.

Then he stood on the right foot and said, "Is she in?"

"Yes, sir," papa said, grimly, and never taking his eyes off the young man's uneasy face.

Alfred Ethelridge sighed and looked up the street; then he stood on his left foot and looked at papa's knees, and said, timidly and in tremulous tones, "Can she see me?"

"Yes, sir," papa said, but he never moved, and he never looked pleasant.

He only stood still, and repeated a second time, "Yes, sir."

Alfred Ethelridge began to feel ill. He looked up and down the street, and finally pinned his wandering gaze to the bald spot on the top of papa's head; then he said, "Will you please tell her that Mr. Alfred Ethelridge called?"

"Yes, sir," said papa, and he didn't say any more.

Alfred Ethelridge discontinued his visits there, and explained to a friend that the old man didn't say anything that wasn't cordial, but his manner was rather formal.

MUSCULAR CHARISTIANITY will doubtless be reenforced in New York by the incoming rector of St. George's church, who comes from England to succeed Stephen Tyng Jr. He is a graduate of Cambridge University, where he has a record as one of a winning crew of eight oarsmen, he stands six feet four in his stockings with proportionate physical development.

As before swift ships there is a hill of water, and a corresponding one glides along behind, so always before us is a mountain which we hope to climb, and behind us is still a deep valley out of which we have ascended.

Bric-a-Brac.

ALPHABETS.—The following list contains the number of letters in the alphabets of these languages: English, 26; French, 25; Italian, 22; Spanish, 27; German, 26; Slavonic, 42; Russian, 35; Latin, 22; Greek, 24; Hebrew, 22; Arabic, 28; Persian, 32; Turkish, 28; Sanscrit, 44; Chinese, 214.

CHINESE BURIALS.—Referring to Chinese burials a traveler says that the coffins are so admirably made that for years a dead relative is often kept in the house, occupying the best room. From affection only this may be done; but there is another and not so nice a reason as well. As long as this coffin is in the house, no creditor can come in to dun the occupants.

PAPER HOUSES.—Paper houses are coming into use in England, where for some purposes they are found greatly superior to tents. Shooting boxes twelve feet square were found convenient both to use and transport, and, the material being impervious to moisture, the little cottages are satisfactory from a sanitary point of view. It is said that they will be used at the seaside during the coming season, not only for bathing houses but as "residences" for quiet bachelors of contemplative habits.

TWO GORMANDIZERS.—Early in the reign of George III. a watch-maker's apprentice, nineteen years of age, in forty-five minutes devoured a leg of pork weighing six pounds, and a proportionate quantity of peas-pudding, washing down these comestibles with a pint of brandy, taken off in two draughts. A few years afterwards there was a beggar at Gottingen Ger., who, on more than one occasion, ate twelve pounds of meat at a meal. After his death his stomach, which was very large, was found to contain numerous bits of flint and other odds and ends, which nature very properly refused to recognize as food.

A ROYAL CANNIBAL.—That is a good story now current about Prince William of Prussia, if it may be vouched for. It is said that in his youth he was a haughty, insubordinate boy, and on the occasion of the wedding of his uncle, the Prince of Wales, he was placed between two others of his royal uncles that they might make him behave himself. Unfortunately they were clad in Highland costume, and when either of them would venture to remonstrate with the boy for his restlessness during the ceremony, or would hush him up when his questions grew too audible, down would go the boy's head, and with his princely little teeth he would perform a cannibalistic rite upon the unprotected calves of his devoted uncles, who, it may be assumed, failed to fully enjoy the glory and impressiveness of the occasion.

CAMEL AND NEEDLE'S EYE.—The passage from the New Testament, "it is easier for a camel," etc., has perplexed many good men, who have read it literally. In Oriental cities there are in the large gates small and very low apertures, called, metaphorically, "needle's eyes," just as we talk of windows on shipboard as "bull's eyes." These entrances are too narrow for a camel to pass through them in ordinary manner, or even if loaded. When a loaded camel has to pass through one of these entrances, it kneels down, its load is removed, and then in shuffles through on its knees. "Yesterday," writes Lady Duff Gordon from Cairo, "I saw a camel go through the eye of a needle—that is, the low, arched door of an inclosure. He must kneel, and bow his head, to creep through; and thus the rich man must humble himself."

OLD CANS.—People often wonder what becomes of the old tomato cans. Wagons can be seen on the street almost every day, filled with old tin cans of every description, picked from vacant lots or the streets. They are taken to Newark and sold for fifteen cents a hundred. The price is small, but cans are numerous, and the gathering of them pays handsomely, if our informant tells the truth. The Newark purchaser sorts them out and puts them into a large furnace, which softens them so that they can be rolled by machinery into plates. These plates are artistically blackened and present a smooth, polished surface. The trunk makers buy them to bind the edges and bottom of trunks, and often to cover up defects in woodwork. In this manner old tomato cans become a most useful as well as ornamental material. The process of heating the cans also has its profitable result, for the solder, running through a grate into a receptacle, is sold for twelve cents a pound it alone paying, it is claimed, all the price originally paid for the cans.

REWARD OF BRAVERY.—During a naval battle between the English and the English flag-ship, commanded by Narborough was drawn into the thickest of the fight. Admiral Narborough saw that all was lost unless he could bring up his ships from the right. Hastily scrawling an order, he called for volunteers to swim across the boiling water, under the hail of shot and shell. A dozen sailors at once offered their services, and among them a cabin boy. "Why," said the Admiral, "what can you do, my fearless lad?" "I can swim, sir," the boy replied; "if I be shot, I can be easier spared than anyone else." Narborough hesitated, his men were few, and his position was desperate. The boy plunged into the sea amid the cheers of the sailors, and was soon lost to sight. By sunset the Dutch fleet were scattered far and wide, and the cabin boy, the hero of the hour, was called to receive the honor due to him. His modesty and bearing so won the heart of the old admiral that he exclaimed, "I shall live to see you have a flag-ship of your own." The prediction was fulfilled when the cabin boy, having become Admiral Cloudsley Shovel, was knighted by the King.

BEFORE THE DAY.

BY F. B.

Before the day-break shines a star
That in the day's great glory fades;
Too fiercely bright is the full light
That her pale-gleaming lamp upbraids.

Before the day-break sings a bird
That stills her song ere morning light;
Too loud for her is the day's stir,
The woodland's thousand-tongued delight.

Ah! great the honor is, to shine
A light wherein no traveler errs;
And rich the prize, to rank divine
Among the world's loud choristers.

But I would be that paler star,
And I would be that lonelier bird—
To shine with hope, while hope's afar,
And sing of love when love's unheard.

TIFF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A GREAT MISTAKE," "ROSE OF THE WORLD," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.—(CONTINUED.)

CAN that be Tiff?" she cried. "Can that really be my little Tiff?" And then the sisters, with fond and sacred tears, fell into each other's arms.

"Every one is so kind!" Tiff sobbed, when they were alone.

Lady Davenant's gentle greeting had put the finishing-stroke to her agitation.

"Sometimes I am afraid it is too good to last.

"I got used to being unhappy, but now ——"

"Ah, my darling, there are such long arrears of happiness to be made up to you!" Ninon answered, her heart contracting with a sudden pain as she recalled the little sister's unloved childhood and her own neglect of her in later years.

"You must not be afraid.

"You have good and true friends now besides your poor Ninon."

Tiff put her arms about her and declared, with tender protestations and with the tears streaming again down her cheeks, that she wanted no one but her, that she had always been the dearest, sweetest, prettiest Ninon in the world.

"Ever since the day you came back from school you have been so good to me," she said, smiling through her tears.

"Don't you remember, Ninon, how I curtseyed to you and called you 'Mademoiselle' in the street when I was dancing the *ronde* with Mimi Bouton, little thinking that you were my own beautiful sister, and how you helped me next day to carry the water upstairs——"

"Yes," Ninon said humbly, "and how I left you afterwards and went away with Katherine——"

But Tiff put her fond little hand over the beautiful quivering mouth.

"What else could you have done?" she said loyally.

"Were you to live all your life at Avranches?

"Ninon, if you had not gone away, we should never have come to England."

"No"—Ninon drew a deep breath—"I suppose not, Tiff."

"We should never have known Mary or Brian.

"Oh, Ninon"—the girl clasped her little brown hands—"you don't know how good Brian has been!"

There was a scarcely perceptible pause; then Ninon said quietly, as she brushed Tiffany's auburn locks—

"You have seen Mr. Beaufoy again?"

"Oh, yes—often!

"He has been at the cottage several times. And aunt Dorothy and Mary like him very much.

"I wish"—wistfully—"that you and he were better friends, Ninon!"

"Indeed, little Tiff, I think we are friendly enough," answered her sister, in the same quiet voice.

"I must always be grateful to him for his kindness to you."

"Yes"—jealously.

"But you like Quentin the best; Mary thinks so.

"And of course Quentin is very nice too. But as to comparing him with Brian!"

Lady Davenant was charmed with Tiffany.

She declared to Sir Robert in confidence that she was the prettiest ugly girl she had ever seen.

And then she had such nice manners, and her talent for music was really so remarkable.

And on the first evening, as they sat after dinner in the drawing-room, of which the deep-shafted windows were thrown open to the rose-scented twilight, Tiffany had played for them all—the "*Soir*" of Schumann, the "*Ronde des Lutins*" of Liszt, the variations by Beethoven on "*La Molinara*"—proving beyond a doubt how hard she had worked at her piano, and how determined she was to succeed.

"I have no talent for anything else," she told Lady Davenant, with modest frankness.

"Books will not stay in my head, somehow, though I remember what people tell me.

"Brian—Mr. Beaufoy, I mean—used to explain things in the picture-galleries and in the museums in Paris, and I never forgot them.

"But I am not clever, like Ninon."

"You are very fond of your sister, Tiffany," Lady Davenant said gently; and the girl's sweet little quaint face began to light up and to quiver, as it always did when Ninon was in question.

"Who could help being fond of her?" she asked earnestly.

"And no one but me knows how good she is as well as pretty, Lady Davenant.

"She is always running herself down, but you must not believe her."

"Indeed, dear child," Lady Davenant answered, "I believe nothing but good of her.

"I have found in her a devoted friend and daughter.

"I should like, if she would stay, to keep her with me always."

Tiffany looked up quickly.

"To keep her always!" she repeated, flushing.

The girl had not failed to observe, even in that short time, Sir Robert's devotion to her beautiful sister.

The poor little thing felt her heart sink within her at what seemed a confirmation of her own suspicions.

But the next moment she was blaming herself for her selfishness.

If Ninon were to stay with Lady Davenant always, would it not be for the best? No doubt she would ask her—Tiff—to stay with her when she came back from school, and they could be together sometimes, even if they had to give up the dear little home they had so often talked about.

"Yes," Lady Davenant answered; "if we could make her happy, Robert and I would be glad that she should never leave us again, Tiffany.

"She is not very strong, you know. She needs a happy home."

"No," Tiff said, all the vague alarm that since her arrival she had been keeping out of her face and trying to keep out of her heart breaking forth at last.

"Oh, Lady Davenant, what is the matter with Ninon?

"She declares that she is quite well. But—she used not to look like that. Do you think she can be well?"

The tears were brimming in her eyes.

Lady Davenant kissed her gently on the forehead.

"She is looking a little delicate just now," she said.

"Perhaps it is the hot weather. And then she is tired.

"She has been losing her rest for me of late.

"It is her turn to be nursed now; and, at any rate, you know, Tiffany, that we will take good care of her while you are away."

"Oh, yes, I am sure of that!

"She loves you, Lady Davenant.

"And I will love you, if you will let me, for being good to her."

"Hush, my child!" said Lady Davenant, holding up a warning finger as Ninon came back with the shawl she had gone to find for her.

The girl had put on one of her pretty white gowns for dinner, and she was flushed still with the joy of Tiffany's arrival.

The little sister, looking at the exquisite smiling face and the fair tall shape, said to herself passionately that her alarm had been groundless.

When Ninon laughed up at Lady Davenant as she knelt down to arrange her footstool, she looked almost like herself again. And of course she was tired.

Had she not been sitting up at night for nearly a month?

"Have you appointed Tiff your second maid of honor, Lady Davenant?" Ninon said gently.

"I won't be jealous of her, though I should of any one else."

And the sisters looked at each other with eyes of infinite affection.

Tiffany never spoke to Ninon about what Lady Davenant had said.

Of Sir Richard's love for her sister there could not be the slightest doubt, and into Ninon's feeling for him she felt that it would be an impertinence even for her to seek to inquire.

It was not long since her engagement had been broken off.

And indeed Ninon had never been a girl to fall easily in love, Tiff thought.

Men went mad about her, but she did not seem to care, and laughed at them all for their pains.

She used to laugh even at Quentin, whom she seemed to like best of all.

But the girl, though she kept her own counsel, went back to school, assured that Ninon was in very good hands, and that, if she chose, she might look forward to a very different future from that which they had planned together.

Ninon clung to her at parting, as if she would never let her go.

"Darling, it is only for a year!" Tiffany said, with the tears running down her cheeks.

"In a year I shall have done with school for good, and shall set up as a professor of music on my own account.

"And you are to get strong and rosy by the time I come back."

"Yes," said Ninon quietly.

"I am getting stronger ever day."

And so the life of the inmates of the Dower House fell back into its old quiet ways again; and the summer was over, and the first leaves began to fall in the prim old garden walks where every day Ninon paced up and down in the sunshine and told herself that she was beginning to forget the past.

It was a year now since they had heard in Marybridge that Mr. Beaufoy was coming home to the Priory.

Sir Robert was often away for a week or more, and then the house was quieter than ever for the two women on the hill; but they were happy in each other's society.

They read a good deal in the long evenings, and Ninon had always her letters from Mary and Tiffany to look forward to.

And then, when Sir Robert came back, he brought the new songs from London for her, and there were visits to Davenant Court and pleasant little luncheon-parties there to break the monotony of their existence.

Lady Davenant declared that it was wonderful to see how cheerful Ninon was, with only an old woman for her companion, and debarred as she was from the pleasure and excitement and admiration which seemed to belong, as a sort of right, to beauty such as hers.

Sir Robert could only shake his head. He had not forgotten his mother's words on a previous occasion—"She has had a blow." And he asked himself, wondering, whether there was a man in the world who, having won the love of Ninon Masserene, had cast it aside, or what other reason there could be for the change he saw in her—the change from the brilliant young coquette of Dinard and the *Daphne* to the patient, smiling, broken-hearted girl who had come to ask for shelter in his mother's arms against the world that had treated her but cruelly. The year went by.

The bloom and sweetness of the prim old gardens were over; the last autumn primroses had flowered; the trees were bare once more round Davenant Court.

Winter was upon them again, with its bitter winds and its rain-storms beating against the lozenge-paned windows of the old house on the hill.

One day Ninon drew aside her bed-room curtain and looked out on a still white world of frost and snow, and remembered that the snow had lain on the laurel-bushes round the cottage in Marybridge when she had come down stairs after her fever, and that twelve months had passed since she had last spoken in the shabby little drawing-room with Brian Beaufoy, and since Quentin had gone away to America.

"The cold weather is trying Ninon a little," Lady Davenant and her son said to each other, as they had said of the midsummer heat.

"Her cough is more troublesome.

"Next year it will be as well to go abroad for a little change."

And Lady Davenant declared eagerly that she was herself quite strong enough now for the journey to Mentone or Hyeres.

But that they all knew was impossible just yet.

And Ninon, smiling gently, reminded her that next winter Tiffany would be home from school, and that some one else would be enjoying all her privileges as maid of honor to the kindest and most gracious of all queens.

The girl's heart swelled with a passionate gratitude, carelessly as she spoke.

She knew that these friends who had been given to her in her loneliness meant her to feel assured of a home with them always; but she knew too that, even had she been free to remain, even had there been no little Tiff to think of, she had no right to prolong a situation that was evidently painful still to Sir Robert.

Only a few months more now, and she would be gone, she thought to herself.

The winter was wearing away, and there was already a tinge of green visible on the tree tops on the hill-side, as Ninon walked with Lady Davenant in the stiff clipped alleys of the old garden, or paced up and down her favorite yew-walk in the sweet chill sunshine.

Sir Robert found her alone one afternoon, sitting on the low wall, wrapped in her cloak.

She had a book on her knee, but she was not reading.

Her heavy eyes were looking absently across the valley towards the purple distance in which the woods were lost against the sky.

"Do you know that you are doing a very foolish thing, child?" the young man said hastily.

"You should not sit here when there is such a sharp breeze blowing.

"Come into the house at once with me and be scolded."

The girl stood up smiling, and let him draw her hand within his arm.

He took from her, as he did so, the book which she held, with her fingers between the leaves.

"And reading, too!" he said in a rather cross voice.

"How is it that some people are so fond of books?

"They always send me to sleep."

Ninon laughed at him with a fond little laugh.

He was always so good to her, and made little of his own pain.

"It is poetry, moreover, Sir Robert," she said mischievously, though she tried to repossess herself, somewhat anxiously, of the volume.

'And that is even a more powerful opiate for you, I think, than prose. Please give me back my book.

"I promise you that I will not read again out of doors."

But Sir Robert was opening it, with a half-jealous air, and ready a line or two here and there haphazard:

> "All things that pass
> Are woman's looking-glass;
> They show her how her bloom must fade
> And she herself be laid
> With withered roses in the shade."

He shut up the book, with an angry ejaculation.

"Why," she said, "what rubbish those fellows write!

"I should think, Ninon, you would know more about beauty and looking-glasses than any poet can tell you!"

She laughed, though the sudden tears had risen in her eyes, and in sisterly abandon she laid her pretty, heavy head against his arm as they walked.

"It is so pleasant to receive a compliment now and then," she said.

He did not speak for some moments; then he said abruptly:

"If I had been a fellow who understood poetry and all that sort of thing, Ninon, perhaps you would have married me?"

She lifted her head and looked at him, at his kind, miserable face and adoring eyes.

"You are a great deal too good and kind as it is, Sir Robert," she said, in a trembling voice.

"But I shall never marry any one. And—you will forget me, I hope, after a little while, when I am gone."

"Forgive me dear," he said, in a husky voice.

"I had no right to bring the subject up again.

"But when I see you suffering, it is more than I can bear."

"Indeed, I am very well," she answered steadily.

"And I am very happy here."

"Is there is no hope for me—even after a year or two?

"I will wait as long as you like, Ninon, for the right to take care of you. Is there no hope?"

The tears rose again in the sweet eyes in whose honor sonnets had once been written and songs sung, and under which the shadows now lay so heavily.

"No," she said, in a pained whisper.

"Forgive me, Sir Robert."

"My dear!" he cried, lifting her little wasted hand, and covering it with kisses; and then he added, in a whisper:

"There is some one else still, is there not.

"Yes" she answered quietly, "there is someone else."

They walked on in silence for some minutes.

Above their heads rooks were sailing and cawing in the blithe blue air, birds were singing with a kind of madness in the old garden trees, and all the air was full of the ineffable ecstasy of spring; but in the young man's heavy heart there lay like lead the melancholy warning of the words he had read from Ninon's book, and they seemed to bring a touch of autumnal sadness into the new gladness of the year.

"All things that pass."

He uttered an impatient exclamation, and broke out cheerily:

"By George, I came out to bring you a bit of news, and that poetical stuff of yours, child, put it out of my head!"

"News!" Ninon echoed, looking at him with a wistful look.

"Yes.

"We are to have a visitor, it appears.

"Mother wants to consult you about her rooms.

"Lady Ingram has written to ask her to take her in for a few days on her way to somewhere—I forgot where."

"Katherine!" Ninon said, with her bright melancholy smile.

"Yes.

"You will be glad to see her, won't you, Ninon?

"It will be a change for you.

"And you can have a good chat about old times, and hear the latest news of the Beaufoys.

"Lady Ingram has been staying with Madame Du Mottay, in Paris."

"Has she?" said Ninon, a bright flush overspreading her face.

And Sir Robert, looking at her, said to himself, with secret indignation:

"It was one of those fellows—confound him."

CHAPTER XLVI.

ON the evening fixed for Lady Ingram's arrival at the Dower House, Ninon spent an unusually long time in dressing for dinner.

She chose the brightest of the many pretty gowns that Lady Davenant had caused to be made for her—it was of some strange pale blue, and its long sleeves were slashed with black velvet—and she carried upstairs with her, from the flowers that had just been sent from the Court, a quantity of dazzling scarlet geraniums, which she fastened at her throat, in her belt, and in her black hair, which had grown long enough to be braided back in almost its old fashion.

The girl's blue eyes were blazing like two great jewels as she anxiously looked at herself, before descending, in the long glass.

Some secret excitement had set her pale cheeks burning with a beautiful red blush.

"Am I so greatly changed?" she thought feverishly.

"Will Katherine suspect why? I would rather die than let her know!"

The beautiful wasted face smiled back at her with such defiance.

"She shall never know," it seemed to say, "let her suspect what she will."

And so, in a glory of pale blue and scarlet of dazzling eyes and flushing cheeks, that made her look more like the Ninon of Dinard than she had looked for many a weary month, Miss Masserene swept down-stairs into the drawing-room to meet Lady Ingram.

Lady Ingram, who was sitting by the fire and chatting easily with Lady Davenant, hardly interrupted her conversation as she gave the girl her hand.

It might have been only on the previous day, instead of three years back, that she

had dismissed Ninon and sent her down to the Dover Street drawing-room, where poor Dick was waiting to take her to his mother.

But, indifferent as she seemed, the lady's cool gaze had taken in at a glance every detail of the girl's appearance—the unnaturally bright eyes, the transparent hands, the wasted figure.

Nor did she fail to observe the motherly kindness in good Lady Davenant's face and voice as her maid of honor stooped down to kiss her and to be told how pretty she looked in her scarlet flowers.

When there was an available pause, Ninon asked, with sufficient cordiality, if a little carelessly, about Madame Du Mottay.

Was Florry as pretty and as gay as ever?

Did she ever think of coming back of England again?

Lady Ingram shrugged her ample shoulders under their pelerine of old Flemish lace.

"Who can answer for Florry's caprices?" she answered smiling coldly.

"But I should say that at present nothing was more unlikely.

"Brian is in Vienna.

"It seems that he has not found life at the Priory a success any more than his sister.

"Perhaps you can tell why better than I."

"I?" said Ninon, with a shrug as French as Lady Ingram's own. "I am not in Mr. Beaufoy's confidence. No doubt he found the house damp."

"Ah!"

Lady Ingram arched her black eyebrows; and then she added, "Quentin is expected home shortly I believe. I should think he must have shot every buffalo in America by this time; and, as he is beginning at last to see the folly of his ways, and as Marcella de Feroday is of forgiving disposition, I dare say the Du Mottays will soon be up to their eyes in business."

Ninon felt that her cousin's eyes were fixed coldly upon her face as she spoke. The girl could not keep the treacherous blood from ebbing out of her cheeks and leaving her as pale as the white narcissus in the great bronze jar behind her head. But she broke into a little laugh, and said that she was sure Florry would be charmed. Florry had always wanted Quentin to marry Mademoiselle de Feroday; and then there would be the *trousseau* to discuss——

And then Sir Robert came in, and Ninon ran across the room to thank him for some music that had been sent from the Court with the flowers.

As they stood together in a distant window, Lady Ingram exchanged a significant glance with her old friend.

"I do not find Ninon looking delicate, as you led me to suppose," she said carelessly. "She always had a certain air of transparency—fragility—what shall I call it? And it was quite one of her charms."

"Poor child," answered Lady Davenant, "she is pleased to-day by your arrival. She has more color than usual. But I am afraid she is far from strong."

"Oh, girls are always fancying themselves ill!" the other declared, with a smile. "Ninon is poor Gerald's daughter. She would not be happy unless she had something to be a little miserable about. And what should ail her?

"Florry declares that she was the gayest of the gay at the Priory.

"Sir Harry Durham was mad about her, amongst others. She might have married him if she chose."

"I have always had an idea," said Lady Davenant, lowering her voice and speaking with visible hesitation, "that perhaps one of her cousins——"

"Ah!" Lady Ingram said. "Well, it cannot be Brian, since she refused him before she left Marybridge. I have it from his sister, who accused him of entertaining a passion for Ninon."

"His brother then?"

Lady Ingram shrugged her shoulders with her favorite gesture.

"You saw how she took the news of his approaching marriage," she said, her eyes wondering towards the window where Ninon still stood, laughing and talking with Sir Robert.

The girl was conscious to the ends of her fingers that she was at that moment under discussion, and the thought added to the feverish brilliancy of her blue eyes, and to the feverish flush that burned in her hollow cheeks.

Kind Lady Davenant rejoiced more than once during the evening over her friend Katherine's arrival.

She had never seen Ninon so gay. The girl played and sang for them with the greatest spirit, and her tongue ran on as if it never would stop. Lady Ingram and Sir Robert and she had so many recollections in common and so many old acquaintances to discuss.

Ninon appeared greatly interested in the news that Charles St. Leonards, her old adorer, had married a pretty widowed Countess and had left the stage, to the regret of his numerous admirers.

Ernest Savage was in Australia, lecturing on the Ethics of the Beautiful, and it was fervently hoped that he would never come back.

"Two of your old conquests lost to you, Ninon, you see," declared Lady Ingram, suppressing a yawn and looking furtively at the clock.

"If you mean to marry at all, you must lose no more time."

"Shall it be Mr. Spoonbill or Doctor Williamson?" Ninon asked, turning, with a laugh, to Sir Robert.

"They are the only two *partis* that I know of in this neighborhood."

And then it was time to help Lady Davenant up-stairs.

She did not know how long she had been standing with idly-locked hands and staring into the fire, when she heard a knock at the door and Lady Ingram's voice requesting permission to enter.

The girl started, and went at once to admit her.

"The fire is rather low, I am afraid," she said, pulling up a chair for her visitor.

"Oh, I have only a few words to say!" returned Lady Ingram.

She stood and looked at the girl, with a long and curious look that was not devoid of a certain half-contemptuous pity

A melancholy smile trembled on her lips as she, in her turn, looked at the other woman—so prosperous, so vigorous, so unchanged by the years that had brought her down to the very dust.

"Have you come to say, 'I told you so,' Katherine?" she asked.

"I suppose it would be too much to expect you not to say it."

"What have you done with yourself?" the other asked abruptly.

"Good Heaven, Ninon, what have you done with yourself that you should look like that at your age?",

"It is only my old luck," Ninon answered.

"I always told you, Katherine, that I was not born to be happy."

Lady Ingram hardly appeared to be listening.

"Of course," she said "you will marry Bobby Davenant?"

Ninon drew up her throat—she had not forgotten that trick at least.

"Oh," Lady Ingram went on, "don't let us stand on ceremony with each other! It is probably the last time we shall speak together.

"I find the place depressing.

"I shall leave to-morrow, on some excuse or other.

"And Lady Davenant has told me all about it—Sir Robert is dying for you still. If you have one spark of common-sense left, of course you will accept him, and make a home for yourself. It will be your last chance.

"You must know that as well as I do. You are a perfect wreck, my poor Ninon! It is useless to disguise the truth. You did your best down stairs to-night; but the fact remains.

"You are a perfect wreck."

The girl was silent.

Her hands were trembling piteously, her breath was coming fast.

Lady Ingram sat and looked at her again.

"Why did you refuse Brian Beaufoy?" she asked.

Ninon started violently.

"I know of that too," the other went on. "I hear everthing, you know, as I always did.

"Florry told me that you had refused him."

"Florry had no right to tell you what was my secret as well as her brother's," Ninon said.

"Mr. Beaufoy asked me to be his wife merely from a sense of duty.

"He believed that he had something to do with my quarrel with Dick Strong; that was the only way he thought, in which he could atone to me."

"My dear child," said her cousin, "he was madder about you than all the other lovers put together."

"Pray spare me this," Ninon answered haughtily.

"I am not in the habit of discussing such matters.

"Mr. Beaufoy behaved more kindly towards me than I deserved.

"The least I can do is to respect his secret, though his own sister has failed to do so."

"My dear child, I can have no possible motive for speaking but your own good. You are ill; your require a home.

"You know that I never go back from my word, and that you have nothing to expect from me."

Again Ninon drew up her delicate throat.

"I am earning my bread here," she said coldly.

"I suppose a companion was never before treated with so much kindness.

"As soon as Tiffany leaves school, we are going to make a home for ourselves. We ask nothing from anybody."

"But at the same time," persisted Lady Ingram coolly, "it would be pleasanter for your family to know that you were Lady Davenant of Davenant Court, and that they would not be called upon, some day when your health gives way, to support you."

"My family—I did not even know I had one," said the girl quietly—"need not be afraid of that.

"I dare say Mary Hawthorn would in such a case come to my assistance. And I should not be ashamed to take bread from her, though I have wronged her, and she has forgiven me."

"I think," returned Lady Ingram, that you had better marry Sir Robert.

"There will be bread enough for you and for Tiff then, and butter as well."

Ninon received this remark in absolute silence.

She had not sat down.

She seemed to be waiting with patient politeness until Lady Ingram should stand up to go.

Her white dressing-gown was not whiter than her cheeks.

"Well," said Lady Ingram, after a pause, "I am sorry for Sir Robert and Lady Davenant, who has behaved as not one woman out of ten thousand would have behaved in the whole matter.

"But I am aware it is useless to plead their cause with you.

"From the first hour I met you, you have persisted in following your own caprices and in setting your own will against the judgment of all those who had your interests at heart.

"You engaged yourself to Richard Strong in the teeth of my repeated warnings, and then, when you made his home miserable and nearly broke the heart of the girl you call your friend, you threw him over—I suppose, for Quentin.

"I can see no other solution to the mystery of your conduct for the last two years."

Ninon was silent still, her heavy eyes fixed on the speaker's face.

"And now, Quentin in his turn, has thrown you over," said Lady Ingram.

The blood rushed to the girl's pallid cheeks; but she answered loyally—

"A man cannot throw over a woman to whom he has never been engaged. Say what you please of me, Katherine, but not a word against Quentin.

"Heaven knows I am more to blame than he."

"So it was Quentin then?"—rising and shrugging her shoulders.

"Brian was right after all; and it was Quentin you cared for?"

Ninon did not answer.

The eager blood was ebbing away slowly.

"Quentin! Quentin, who is as unstable as water, who has loved a hundred women and been false to them all, who is over head and ears in debt, who is a gambler—"

"Stop!" Ninon cried passionately.

"You are here in my room, but I will not listen to another word."

"My dear child, no heroics!" said Lady Ingram.

"I am only telling you what everybody knows. And that is the man you preferred to Brian."

Ninon was listening to her with bright dilated eyes, with eagerly parted lips, with fast-coming breath.

"Have I ever denied Mr. Beaufoy's virtues?" she said bitterly, though there was a pathetic break in her voice.

"Did I not think myself unfit to mate with so much perfection?"

"And if you did" responded Lady Ingram calmly, "it was no more than proper modesty on your part.

"There are few women I know who would be good enough for Brian.

"But you see he had the misfortune to give his heart to you."

"Take care," cried Ninon wildly. "You said that before, and it is not true—it is not true—it is not true!"

She buried her face in her hands, and wailed out the words half under her breath.

"It is as true—worse luck—as that the moon is shining out there in the garden. It is nothing to me, of course.

"I don't go in for sentiment, as you know; I merely wish to show you how, one after another, you have thrown your chances away."

Ninon lifted her pale face and looked at her—cold, handsome, prosperous—in a kind of desperation.

"Why do you say that he loved me?" she demanded hoarsely.

"You do not know—you were not there—you do not know how cold he was to me always, how hard, how cruel!"

"Yes, I have heard there was some disagreements between you, arising from your scandalous behavior with Quentin.

"Brian considered that, as your cousin, he had some right to interfere and save you from being talked about.

"I assure you Quentin Beaufoy's name is not a nice one to be mixed up with any girl's.

"And I dare say Brian was hard. I dare say he had good cause to be hard.

"But he loved you, poor fellow—for his sins, I suppose—not that you will care!"

"Is it true!

"Is it true!" the girl said again, a flood of miserable recollections rushing back upon her and seeming to still the passionate throbbings of her heart.

"My dear child, there is no doubt about it," replied her cousin, in her even accents.

"But, since you preferred Quentin's selfish passion to Brian's honest love, what more is there to be said about it, any more than there is to be said about your refusal of poor Sir Robert, who has been faithful to you in his own queer way, for the last three years?

"You think of yourself first. I suppose it is natural.

"I am myself selfish on principle.

"I find it pays best so far as I am concerned.

"But you don't seem to have managed well, somehow.

"Your life is a failure. You have lost your beauty.

"And, having refused one or two of the best matches in England, you are looking forward to going out as a visiting governess and living in a six-roomed house, if you are lucky, for the rest of your days.

"I confess it is all beyond my comprehension.

"But now, having put in a word—quite hopelessly, I assure you from the first—for Sir Robert, I will take myself off. Good night."

No answer came from Ninon's pallid lips.

She stood motionless, pale, cold, and watched Lady Ingram go; and then she sank down upon the floor in a heap and buried her face in her trembling hands.

"My love, my love!" she said, in a heart-breaking whisper. "Oh, my love, forgive me!"

CHAPTER XLVII.

LADY INGRAM was as good as her word, and departed the next day, professing to have been summoned suddenly to London by the news contained in one of her letters.

She avoided disagreeable things on principle, finding that that they had an ageing effect on a woman's looks; and she told herself that it was in this especial instance she had done what she could, and was in no way responsible for the follies and mistakes that had led to Ninon's downfall.

The girl had been warned, and had refused to listen to reason.

There was nothing for it but to let her go her own road in future, as she had deliberately chosen to do in the past.

"Katherine Ingram does not trouble herself about Ninon's illness," Lady Davenant said, in distress, to her son.

"I think that none of her friends care very much what becomes of her, poor child!"

"You and I, mother, will take care of her always," said Robert, stooping to kiss her forehead.

Her smile answered him.

All that day Ninon walked about like a girl in a dream, hardly hearing when she was spoken to, blushing at nothing, starting at a sound.

She showed, too, an unusual eagerness to take care of herself.

She had not once to be called away from the open window when the evening air grew chilly, or reminded to take a shawl along with her when she went into the garden.

She delighted Sir Robert by asking for the glass of Burgundy which Doctor Williamson had ordered her to drink at dinner, but which she had always tried to evade by some excuse.

"That is a sensible child!" the young man said kindly.

"We shall soon have you all right again if you obey orders."

"Yes," she said eagerly, "I will do as I am told—I want to get strong very fast; and I am better, am I not?

"Don't you think, Lady Davenant, that I am much better than I was in the cold weather?"

Lady Davenant smiled tenderly at the beautiful face.

"Indeed, my child, I think you are," she said cheerily.

"All you need is to take care of yourself.

"Yes," Ninon assented eagerly, "that is all."

She searched Tiffany's letters eagerly henceforth for any mention of Brian's name.

But it seemed that Tiff was full of her music and her anticipations of home, for she spoke of nothing else until Ninon ventured a simple question or two—had Mr. Beaufoy been in Dusseldorf again? Had she seen him?

Then Tiffany wrote back to says that Mr. Beaufoy had been in Dusseldorf twice since her return to school, and that on each occasion he had called to see her, and had been very kind.

But there seemed to be quite a new stiffness in the little thing's way of speaking of her old hero.

She no longer called him Brian, or compared him to Lohengrin.

Was she going to turn against him, Ninon thought, with a pang of passionate remorse for her own bygone cruelty?

Did no one understand him?

There was only a very few months now until Tiffany's return.

The poor thing said to herself that, although he would never come to see her, he would come to see the little sister to whom he had always been so good; and some day, oh, some day perhaps she would be able to go down on her knees before him and ask his forgiveness for all the bitter thoughts and unwomanly words in the past.

He had loved her!

That was the thought that filled her days with an ecstasy as intoxicating as the vernal odors with which all the April air seemed thrilling.

He had loved her even when he had been so stern and cold—that dreadful evening in the park—that night when he had held her in his arms!

Ah!

The girl's wan cheeks would dye themselves rosy-red as this thought came back to her—the thought of his dark eyes looking into hers as she awoke, and of the loud beating of his heart under her cheek as it rested on his breast.

"Brian, Brian!" she would whisper, hiding her happy face in her hands.

"Brian, will you come back to me—will you forgive me?

"Don't you know that I loved you, even before I saw you—that I had never loved any man but you?

"Brian, Brian, Brian!"

She was never weary of speaking his name to herself.

It was in the midst of this secret happiness that Miss Hawthorn wrote to her and told her that Dick had come home.

She knew what that meant—though Mary told her nothing more.

The girl, as she knelt by her bed that night, prayed humbly for the happiness of Mary and the man she loved, even before she prayed for Brian.

And then she fell asleep, with a smile on her lips, where his name had been but a moment before.

Lady Davenant looked at the girl in those days, wondering at the change that had come over her.

Sir Robert went about the place looking ten years younger.

"You look so happy, child!" he said to her one day.

And Ninon blushed, and felt half remorseful for her joy while he was still thinking of her and wishing for what could never be.

"Tiffany is coming home soon," she answered, "and it is summer, you know, Sir Robert; I am always happier in summer, I think."

She thought, as she spoke, of how the roses must be blooming in the sweet and dazzling old gardens round the Priory, how the jasmine was scenting the rooms that opened on to the terrace-walk.

Would it ever be her fate to walk there again?

She saw herself there in fancy with Tiff, and with——

Oh, was it wrong, was it unmaidenly to have such thoughts?

He was gone from her now, but—he had loved her.

He had chosen her from all the women he had known, and some day he would come back.

Heaven would not be so cruel as to keep them apart.

He would forgive her; he would not leave her to break her heart because of a mistake.

And then a new life would begin for them all.

They would be so happy.

Tiff should never, never leave her any more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOT FAIR FOR ME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA GRAHAM," "ALMOST SACRIFICED," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED]

NORTH looks horribly jealous! Did you ever see such a demoniacal expression on a human face?

"If that girl has given him any encouragement she had better take care."

"Which of course she has done," Hereward answers coolly.

"It is our turn now, Miss Middleton."

Hereward dances well, though he does not care greatly for dancing, he tells his partner, as they fall into their places again.

"Not care for it!" cries Miss Middleton. "What a Vandal you are, to be sure! As if anybody could not like dancing who danced as well as you do!"

Hereward laughs, shrugging his shoulders.

Then he escorts her back to the drawing-room, leaving her at the door.

The gentlemen finished the evening down stairs, or at least do not put in an appearance again in the drawing room that night.

Hereward however does not stay long with the dancers.

He prefers a pipe and his own meditations.

While he smokes he thinks of Blount, and wonders what he is doing at this moment—wonders whether he is longing to be at Kingscourt.

He has never spoken to Miss Middleton of his friend in the light of an admirer, rejected or otherwise.

He suspects that she would like to talk about him, to find out what he may have said of her to Hereward.

But Hereward will not gratify her in this respect, could not, even if he would; Blount had not taken him into his confidence with regard to Miss Middleton.

He could have told her of the warning he had himself received, but he does not do this.

He tells her his mind pretty plainly on most of the subjects that come up in the course of their conversation; he is rather bitter and satirically disposed just now, and this mood colors every thing he says, more or less.

But Miss Middleton does not regard his animadversions on her sex, or on herself.

She rather enjoys them.

She knows that he likes her even while he criticises, and that is all she cares about just now.

But if she looks for something still deeper in his dark eyes than the laughing flash with which they met hers when he sang that song for her to-night, it will never come to them—for her!

But this little coquette has done him good.

Poor Blount's prescription has gone far to cure his sister's work.

Hereward has taken the tonic, and has not taken so much as to make himself in worse case than he was before.

Miss Middleton's careless handling of his cherished grievance has taken the bloom off it, as it were; she has ruthlessly torn aside the curtain from the skeleton cupboard, and lo, the skeleton has crumbled into a little pinch of dust!

The light and sunshine and fresh air have exorcised the ghost of his dead fancy—one could not call it love, even though it is dead—and it haunts him no longer with its shadowy presence, its ghostly footstep ever echoing beside his own.

Hereward has not yet loved as much as it is in him to love.

His love is only as the little ripple on a pond compared to the mountain billows of the sea in a Biscayan gale.

He may yet feel the full power of this Euroclydon, but it is not a girl like Nettie Blount who will brew the tempest, nor yet Bab Middleton, great enchantress though she may be.

There is no thought of this possible master-passion in Hereward's mind to-night.

He fondly fancies that he has done with love and love-affairs for the remainder of his life.

He has trodden down his sorrow, and he gives himself great credit for having done so, and thinks that he has come out of the conflict with flying colors.

He may never indeed be the same man again as he was before the struggle, but he can fairly say that he is carrying his handicap gallantly.

He will not confess that the weight is as a feather-weight to him now; he does not know his own strength.

But, watching the blue wreaths of tobacco-smoke curl round his head as he leans back laxily in his easy-chair, he thinks that after all he and Nettie Blount would never have got on well together.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE snow does not disappoint Miss Middleton. She has the pleasure of seeing a white Christmas.

But on the day after Christmas-day a rapid thaw sets in, and, immediately following the thaw, a period of ankle-deep mud far more unpleasant than the snow.

But this again is followed by a week of almost spring-like weather.

The horses at Kingscourt make up for their idleness now.

Lord Heriot hunts almost every day, and when he does not hunt, rides with his sister and her friend.

In fact, everybody is provided with a mount.

Evie has his own shaggy Shetland, Lady Gladys a beautiful gray thorough-bred who knows her voice and puts his velvet nose through the bars of his loose box to be caressed by her hand; Miss Middleton rides a slender bay, suited to her light weight, and Hereward has the choice of two or three.

He generally rides a big raw-boned black horse, rather fiddle-headed, but a splendid jumper, and not to be ridden by everybody.

Perhaps this is why Hereward especially affects him.

These riding-parties are very pleasant.

Hereward sometimes joins them, but he likes still better to walk his horse slowly under the great old trees, and lose himself in reveries—dangerous reveries, perhaps, as there is danger in the still glassy pools above the falls of Niagara, but no danger so long as one does not slip over the brink; that is annihilation.

One morning at breakfast it is arranged to ride over to luncheon at Nettlewood.

They have often been invited there, but have not hitherto accepted the invitation on the plea of the weather.

The horses are brought round at eleven o'clock, and Hereward goes out with Lord Heriot, to watch the departure of the cavalcade.

Lord Heriot swings Miss Middleton into her saddle, and Hereward performs the same office for Lady Gladys Palliser.

She stoops to pat the horse's slim warm neck, and Hereward still standing at her saddle-bow looks at the gauntleted hand.

"What are you going to do with yourself, Hereward?" shouts Lord Heriot, reining in his impatient bay.

"I think I shall walk down to the river. I have never seen this much-vaunted river of yours yet."

"All right.

"And if you see North, tell him to keep a sharp look out over those plantations. I am very much mistaken if I did not hear a shot in that direction last night."

Hereward stands bareheaded on the sunny terrace steps, till they have cantered down the drive.

Then he returns to his book by the library fire.

He has been rather idle of late, he thinks, and he must make up now for lost time.

He must not allow Lord Heriot's laziness to affect him.

Lord Heriot does not depend for his daily bread on College exhibitions—fortunately for him!

But to will and to do are two very different things, as Hereward presently discovers.

He grows restless—his thoughts wander from the open page.

He has never experienced this feeling before.

Nettie Blount had never prevented his studies—she had rather enabled him to work.

But this new feeling—this strange uneasy sensation of something about to happen—of waiting, and watching for he knows not what—annoys and worries him.

He cannot conquer it by changing his book for one more absorbing, he cannot dispel it by his old habit of walking up and down the room.

It is there still, that prophetic hint of approaching—what?

He sets out for a long walk after luncheon. It is a fair afternoon—there is a breath almost of spring in the air.

The woods are very still and silent, the sunshine almost warm.

The tower river, seen through the picture-like opening among the trees, glitters like a sheet of silver; there is a frosty blue haze in the hollows, giving vague beauty to the looming trunks and bare mossy boughs. If Hereward had come upon a tuft of pale faint primroses at the roots of some of the trees he would scarcely have been surprised.

The path to the river leads downwards through a great fir-wood.

The river runs through a narrow gorge, the outstretching boughs in some places interlacing from side to side across the torrent; in others the banks are less steep, the water expanding into quiet reaches, dimpling round fairy islands of reeds.

Hereward follows a path beside it for more than a mile, then a sudden bend in the river brings him within view of the mill. It is a picturesque old mill.

It stands on an island formed by the river on the one hand, and the mill-race on the other.

The walls are washed on three sides by the rushing flood.

Hereward wonders whether the inhabitants have grown accustomed to the deafening sound of the water, and have learned to hear each other's voices above the continual roar.

There is a cascade just above the mill, a semi-circular cataract sending a rainbowed cloud of spray into the air all along its length.

The dirty white foam pours over the stones in a rushing, hurrying, thundering fall, distinctly audible at Kingscourt when the air is still.

Hereward stands to watch it for a long time, throws twigs into the water above it, and dreamily watches them as they are whirled to destruction below.

As he turns away at last from this apparently fascinating pastime, he becomes aware of a pair of lovers.

Hereward guesses at once that they are lovers, and knows that his surmise is correct when they come near enough for him to distinguish their faces.

Robert North, with his gun carried carelessly on his shoulder, slouches along with Anne Grace Trathaway by his side.

They are talking earnestly, so earnestly that they do not for a while discover Hereward's presence.

North appears to be blaming or upbraiding—she carelessly rebutting his accusations.

They part at a stile still at some distance from Hereward—part apparently on unfriendly terms.

Then the girl comes on alone.

She starts when she sees Hereward, and glances, apprehensively at her lover.

But a second look reassures her apparently, for she passes Hereward with a slight curtsey, and a very self-possessed stare.

Even the old red and green plaid shawl does not make her look other than lovely, though the frosty air has deepened the carmine on her cheeks.

Or perhaps Robert North is answerable for their added color.

She does not look like a girl who would take a lover's scolding quietly, however well deserved.

Hereward has forgotten his box of fuses. He therefore takes his way down to the mill by the same path that the girl has taken, and, putting his head in at the door where he had just seen her enter, asks to be permitted to light his pipe.

Hereward is quite honest in this desire to smoke, and has really and truly forgotten his vesta box.

But when he issues from the door of the mill and comes face to face with a party of equestrians, who have drawn up their horses in the road, he cannot keep an apparently guilty flush from mounting to the very roots of his hair.

Lord Heriot is talking to old Trathaway about his roof; they have ridden round by the mill for this purpose.

The horses, impatient by the delay, will not stand still.

The gray is particularly restless, for Lady Gladys flushes angrily, and gives him a severe cut with her whip.

Lord Heriot does not look over-pleased when he sees Hereward; but Miss Middleton laughs a mischievous laugh.

They do not delay for many moments.

As Hereward lifts his hat in passing to his homeward path through the fir-wood, they start off together at a canter up the road, but not before he meets a scornful glance from Lady Gladys Palliser's blue eyes.

Hereward is annoyed by this encounter, and yet he can hardly explain to himself the reason of this annoyance.

Why should he not go to the mill? Why should he not also wish to make the acquaintance of Miss Trathaway?

Why should he not even get up a small flirtation with her?

It seemed to be the fashion at Kingscourt to admire her, why should he not admire her among the rest?

He does not admire her; but that is begging the question.

He does not see what business it is of anybody's if he chooses to amuse himself.

At dinner in the evening Doctor Jones rallies him upon his subjugation to the rustic beauty.

Hereward neither allows nor denies the impeachment.

"I admire her vastly myself; but I have no time, else I should cut out all you young fellows," the little Doctor asserts laughingly. "Not that I think any of you have a chance.

"That young North will carry her away from you all or my name's not John Jones."

"They don't seem to get on particularly well together."

"Don't they? Oh, that makes no difference.

"A girl rather likes a jealous lover, I do believe.

"By the way, you've made Miss Middleton uncommonly jealous."

"I have?" Hereward asks carelessly.

"Yes.

"It was she who told me of having met you down at the mill."

"I did not think she troubled her head as to my whereabouts."

"Well, it seems she does.

"But, talking of North, do you know that he was fired at last night, in the plantation?

"He chased a couple of those rascally poachers for more than a hundred yards, when one of them, finding he was gaining upon him, turned and fired.

"The ruffian missed him; but it was a close shave.

"There must really be a stop put to this poaching business.

"It was plucky of North to chase the fellow; but what can one man do?

"Next time it may cost him his life if he attempts to collar one of them.

"Lord Heriot threatens to put spring guns all about the place; but it will be a terribly unpopular proceeding.

"I should not advise it unless the worst came to the worst."

"North cannot identify the fellow who fired at him, I suppose?"

"No. It was pitch dark down there in the woods.

"That was how the shot did not take effect.

"Talking of the woods, did you not admire Mill Nook? It is one of the lions at Kingscourt."

"It is a pretty place."

"Do you care for fishing?"

"Not much. Blount does, though. He told me he got very good sport there, and landed some fine fish."

"Yes. Lord Heriot is a great fisherman. I do not care much for the pursuit myself. There is punt on the river, a good way below the mill.

"Did you see it?"

"No. I do not think I went so far down as that."

"There is a short cut to Kingsleigh. I have gone sometimes to meet the train that way, when I have been obliged to walk. It shortens the distance by more than half a mile, and is beautiful in fine weather."

"I am sure of that.

"I can imagine it would be beautiful in summer."

"We are to have some visitors here next month," Doctor Jones says. "But no doubt you have heard."

"No, I have not heard."

Hereward does not like the idea of an influx of visitors to Kingscourt. These days are pleasant enough; he wishes they could last for ever.

"Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cavendish are coming.

"Do you know them?"

The old shadow comes over Hereward's face; but he sets down his glass with a very steady hand.

"I used to know Mrs. Cavendish," he answers quitely.

"She is the sister of my friend Richard Blount."

The doctor has not heard of the little episode which Hereward remembers so bitterly.

"They say Cavendish has a most horrible temper.

"You do not know him?

"A swell you know, and all that kind of thing; but I have no opinion of his principles.

"It seems a hard thing to say, but I haven't.

"I don't know how they get on together, but his marriage surprised everybody. They say she's a quiet, poor little thing, and gives in to him in everything.

"I suppose she finds it best to play into his hands.

"Cavendish used to be down here a good deal.

"He is a conceited cur."

And that's what Nettie has won by breaking her faith?

For this she has thrown away such a heart as his!

So Hereward thinks, staring up at the Gainsborough.

He blames himself for having wished her other than happy in the lot she has chosen.

He is sorry he has ever called down vengeance on her head—her poor little brown head!

Hereward remembers it so well. He is not glad that she suffers—if she does suffer—in her turn.

He is willing now to let her off very easily.

It gives him no pleasure to know that she is unhappy, to know that she may possibly wish what she has done undone.

But he does not long to comfort her. He does not wish to bury the past year out of his life and story, and find himself back in the old parsonage with his arm round Nettie's waist again, and her whispered vows in his ear.

He has buried that fancy so effectually, has smoothed the turf so evenly over its grave that it would puzzle him even already to find it again.

So he muses, the haughty face of the picture bending above him, and the cold blue eyes looking into his.

He used to think that he would not greatly care to have been the lover of that girl, whoever she was; but he has changed his mind.

Hopeless fancy may feign a light in those proud eyes which would make his heart beat with a wilder pulse than any light he has ever seen in her eyes.

He hears Miss Middleton singing in the distant drawing-room.

The door has been opened—perhaps for the entrance of tea.

He catches a few words.

"O my lost love, my own, own love!"

But they do not affect him now. He is pining for no lost love, although it may be that he is pining for an unattainable one.

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER this the days go on very quietly at Kingscourt.

The Cavendishes come and go, and Hereward is glad when they are gone. He

meets his old love very quietly in the drawing-room before dinner, among a crowd of people.

And the old pain does not cry out aloud, nor does any shadow of the old anguish pass over his face.

Whether she had thrown him over wickedly or foolishly, he does not care to remember now.

Perhaps he's not so utterly forgotten the past to forgive her very freely; but he does forgive her, more for the wrong she has done his former self than for any present grievance.

In fact, he has no present quarrel with her.

He looks upon what she has done to him in the past as if it had been done to another person.

He dislikes her for her treachery, and that is all.

Her husband is a selfish, conceited fellow, to whom Hereward feels at once an invincible repugnance.

He is tall and fair, slender and pale-faced; not handsome, but very distinguished-looking, with a supercilious manner and a most tyrannical disposition.

Any one can see that they don't get on well together; he has grown tired of the quiet, round-faced girl, whose fresh, unsophisticated ways had charmed him by their very contrast to his own; and he visits his weariness upon her without reserve.

It is not unlikely that poor little Mrs. Cavendish would have liked Hereward to sympathize with her.

She makes no secret of her private affairs.

It seems no strange to her that they should meet again like this, after all that had passed between them.

She looks at him sometimes with piteous eyes, when he is standing close to her in some group at Kingscourt—close to her, but, ah, how far apart!

There is no sympathy in that sternly gentle face, no remembrance of the past, no wish for friendship in the future.

The iron had passed through the fire, but it has come out—steel.

The Cavendishes do not stay long at Kingscourt.

They are not particularly pleasant companions.

No one takes much interest in an ill-assorted couple, no one sympathises with them.

It is a relief when they depart, to others besides Hereward.

He goes back to College for his term of six weeks shortly afterwards.

College has never seemed so dull to him—the days so long, the lectures so wearisome.

He does not see Blount.

His regiment has been ordered down to some country town during his absence. Blount writes to him that it is very dull down there, but that there are some pretty girls who are partial to red coats.

When Hereward returns to Kingscourt, there is the true breath of spring in the cool air.

Miss Middleton is still at Kingscourt. Hereward arrives late one night, and sees nobody until the next morning at breakfast.

He is down early, and finds the breakfast-room empty.

But the window is open, and the room is full of fresh air and sunshine.

He stands looking out, just as he stood the morning after his arrival.

What ages seem to have elapsed since then!

There is a feeling of life, of progress, of hope, in the very atmosphere.

The woods are faintly tinged with delicate pale green here and there, the garden beds are bordered with crocuses and snowdrops, one great bed of lily-of-the-valley has already flower-buds among its sheathing leaves.

Hereward, standing there with folded arms, gazes at it with a pleasure that is akin to pain in his dark eyes.

"Back again, last of the Saxons!" cries a merry voice; and Hereward turns to shake hands with Bab Middleton.

"I've missed you awfully!" she exclaims frankly.

"And I am proportionately glad to see you.

"What jolly rides we shall have now, and boating—I delight in boating!

"How did you get on at your examination?"

"Very well," Hereward answers, smiling.

"I am so glad!

"Did you see many of your friends?"

Hereward knows perfectly well what she wants to find out, but he will not gratify her.

"All my College friends, of course."

"Is Mr. Blount's regiment still there?"

"No.

"He is in country quarters just now."

"Does he like that?"

"He says he finds it rather dull."

"So I should imagine.

"Do you know that a very stirring event occurred since you left Kingscourt."

"What event?" Hereward asks quickly.

"Ah, you are so communicative yourself!" Miss Middleton laughs mischievously.

"I shall let you find out—if you can."

"Very well.

"I dare say I can guess."

"Oh, do guess!"

"You are engaged to Lord Heriot."

Miss Middleton shakes her head with a very decided gesture.

"What on earth made you fancy such a thing!

"No, that's not it.

"But, talking of Lord Heriot, it is high time you were here to look after him.

"Lord Heriot likes you, and would be more amenable to advice from you than from Doctor Jones."

"Advice from me!" Hereward repeats, puzzled.

"Yes.

"I assure you it is time for somebody to speak to him.

"But it is not my business, so I don't trouble my head about it.

"We see Mr. Cartwright very often now."

Hereward's face clouds ominously.

Miss Middleton sees the shadow, and, with the true instincts of her sex, guesses the reason of it in a moment.

In that one look she finds out more about Hereward than he has as yet found out about himself.

But the entrance of the rest of the party prevents her prosecuting her discovery any further at present.

Lady Gladys gives Hereward one cold touch of her hand, and he does not perceive the great diamond which scintillates on its fellow.

She looks just as she looked on the morning when he had first seen her—she even wears a bunch of violets.

But the snow has gone, and in place of the snow there is that wild freshness of the spring about her and in her eyes.

She addresses Hereward once or twice, haughtily, yet with high-bred courtesy, almost cordial, yet wholly unfamiliar.

He answers her, perhaps as haughtily, certainly with less cordiality.

He imagines the reason of her condescension.

No doubt she wishes to conciliate him, if by so doing she can benefit herself, or those for whom she cares.

She wishes him to use his influence with Lord Heriot, perhaps, for some purpose yet unknown to him.

He is quite willing to serve her, but he wants no bribing of this kind.

How quickly she can come down from the icy heights of her reserve when it suits her purpose so to do!

They are all the same, he thinks bitterly. They will all take the praise, and care no more.

After breakfast, Doctor Jones put his arm within Hereward's and draws him out to the terrace.

Lord Heriot, who appears to be in boisterous spirits, would have followed them had not the little Doctor distinctly requested him not to do so.

"Have you any idea what I am going to say to you?" the Doctor asks.

"None, except that it is about Lord Heriot."

"It is.

"I do not like the way he is carrying on with this girl."

"What girl?" Hereward asks.

"This Anne Grace Trathaway."

"Why, you don't mean to say that he is paying her any serious attention?"

"I do not know"—and Doctor Jones shakes his head very gravely.

"He is not overburdened with wisdom, as we all know, and the girl is as cunning as a fox."

"But surely she cannot imagine for a moment——"

"That he will marry her?

"Well, I cannot of course answer that question.

"But she knows what he can do for herself and her family, and she is not such a fool as to throw away such an opportunity."

"But how do you know that there is any danger of his coming under her influence?"

"Because he is always down there.

"The carpenters are at work at the roof of the mill, and he rides or walks down there every day, ostensibly to see how they get on.

"He has pulled down the old wooden bridge and is putting up a new one, and I believe he has done this merely as an excuse for being continually in the vicinity of the mill.

"I have gone down with him there myself more than once, but he does not seem to like it.

"Now, I think he would be more likely to listen to you than to me, if you would just speak to him in an off-hand way."

"I shall most decidedly do no such thing," Hereward answers coldly.

"It would come particularly bad from me.

"I have no authority over him whatever, and he would have good cause to resent any interference on my part.

"Does the Countess know?"

"Indeed she does not—it would kill her outright.

"But you know there is no actual certainty of his being in love with the girl.

"He may only be amusing himself.

"But she is just the kind of woman who would take his fancy—I do not think his ideal is very high.

"The danger is that he may get the bit between his teeth and then nothing will stop him."

"Lady Gladys knows, I suppose?"

"No, she does not.

"Miss Middleton found it out—through her maid, I fancy—but I warned her not to mention it.

"They are so terribly proud, these Pallisers!

"I really think the mere idea of such a marriage would drive them mad.

"And it would be a frightful contingency, certainly."

"I don't see what can be done," Hereward says absently.

"Couldn't you speak quietly to his lordship? I know he likes you, and would listen.

"As for me, I tell you plainly that I think anything like an attempt at coercion on my part, or on the part of any one assuming authority over him, would only precipitate matters—would only perhaps make him think of doing what had never before entered his head."

"But will not my speaking to him on the subject have the same effect?"

"I think not.

"A young man will bear, from a young man what he would resent in an elder. Lord Heriot is passionate, and he is very foolish. It will not be easy to deal with him."

Hereward turns back to the house, and the Doctor walks beside him.

"I wish you would try what you could do," he says anxiously.

"I cannot undertake to dictate to Lord Heriot.

"Why don't you speak to the girl? She seems the more sensible of the two," Hereward suggests.

"She is that certainly. But it would be an awkward business.

"She would be sure to take it in bad part—she has such a temper!"

"What matter if she did?

"She may look at the affair in a different light from what you suppose.

"Perhaps she is only a little flattered by his admiration.

"You cannot tell.

"Where is this lover of hers—young North?"

"He is paying his addresses still, I believe. But her father won't allow him inside his doors, and the lad seems desperate. The girl flirts with him very cruelly if she does not intend to take him."

"Why don't you give them a fortune and let them marry at once?

"That would be the easiest way out of your difficulty."

"I wish it could be done. Will you talk to the girl?"

Hereward hesitates. It is very delicate ground.

"If you mean, will I appeal to her own common-sense in the matter, I do not mind.

"I think the girl is not a fool, though she may happen to over-reach herself in this. Yes, I will speak to her, if you think it will be of any use.

"But I confess to you honestly that I would much rather keep out of the affair."

"But for his sake—for all their sakes—I am sure you will do your best," the Doctor says, relieved.

And then they re-enter the house together.

* * * * * * *

Hereward walks down to Mill Nook that afternoon.

He does not like the office he has undertaken, but he will not shrink from it since he has undertaken it.

He finds the girl less hard to deal with than he imagined she would be.

She listens to his sage reasoning, and seems suitably impressed by it.

She does not resent his interference, if it can be called interference.

Hereward's advice tends more to the according of the one lover than to the discarding of the other; for that Lord Heriot has made downright love to her the girl does not deny.

Hereward is somewhat startled to find that this is the fact.

He does not care whether she repeats his words to Lord Heriot or not; he says nothing he would not quite as willingly have said to him had he felt called upon to do so.

The girl seems honest in what she says, and promises to give Lord Heriot no more encouragement, promises not to see him when he comes to the mill.

Hereward hints that her father's objections to young North on the score of poverty can be easily overcome, and this seems to please her.

It is quite plain which lover has really made the most impression upon her heart.

But the girl is a born coquette, and, even while listening demurely, is wondering whether Hereward is admiring her pretty face.

Perhaps he is—at all events his heart is not in the business he has set himself to perform.

It jars upon him, yet some unseen influence makes him persevere in it.

He does not wonder at Lord Heriot's admiration of this exquisite face, but he does wonder how any gentleman, accustomed all his life to the society of women of his own rank, can enjoy the society or conversation of a rustic maiden who dusts a chair for him with her apron and speaks such faulty English.

Anne Grace Trathaway accompanies him up the river-path on his way home. She is going to the village for butter, she tells him, and takes a plate with her whereon to carry it.

She assumes no airs because of her noble lover, she has perhaps too much good sense. The river path runs parallel to the river, as will naturally be inferred, and the road above lies parallel to the path.

Occasionally the one is visible from the other, where the trees grow less thickly on the steep slope.

Thus it happens how three equestrians on the road above are distinctly aware of Hereward and the miller's pretty daughter on the path below.

They can even see the earnestness with which he is speaking, and a certain saucy air of attention with which she listens. There is no mistaking Miss Trathaway's red-and-green plaid, or Hereward's trick of walking with his hands in his pockets.

"That's how your brother's tutor manages to amuse himself!" Mr. Cartwright observes, pointing to them with the handle of his whip.

Lady Gladys Palliser gives one glance, and stoops to pat her horse's neck. Miss Middleton thinks she can account for the circumstance, but she does not feel called upon to do so.

"I know he was a good-for-nothing beggar," Mr. Cartwright says venomously. "I never thought he was a fit companion for Lord Heriot, and now you see I was right."

Lady Gladys raises her head, looks straight before her, and answers him never a word.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Scientific and Useful.

MOSQUITOES.—In order to alleviate the trouble arising from mosquito bites, an officer of the Army Medical Department recommends that the hands should be smeared with a moist cake of soap, and the thin lather allowed to dry into the skin. This removes all itching or pain in ten or twelve minutes after the soap is applied, and they do not again return.

EBONITE.—It has been long known that exposure to light and air will destroy ebonite. Strange to say, merchants and others appear to neglect this fact, and no doubt experience considerable loss. Caoutchouc tubing ought, when not in use, to be kept in a dark place and in water, to which a little ammonia may be added if the rubber begins to show any signs of cracking.

A PRESSING NEED.—There can be no doubt that the inventor who could supply in a really portable form a machine or apparatus which could give out two or three horse power for a day, would reap an enormous fortune. Up to the present time, however, nothing of the kind has been placed in the market. Gas is laid in to most houses now, and gas engines are plenty enough, yet they do not meet the want which a storage battery may be made yet perhaps to supply.

WATER-BUTTS.—Leaden cisterns should be swept out very gently. Slate cisterns may be scrubbed without ceremony. Wooden butts, if not pitched, may be scorched out with a handful of shavings and a bundle of brimstone matches; but if pitched, or, in fact, whether pitched or not, probably the most convenient plan is to use quicklime. A lump of quicklime may be put into the butt with about a bucketful of water, or lime may be made first into a cream with water and the butt be well scrubbed out with it.

NEW ELECTRIC LIGHT.—The American Magnetic Electric Light Co., of New York, made a very successful installation of their Electric Light system, at Manayunk, Philadelphia. Three lamps brilliantly illuminated the streets at different points—the power being supplied to the Dynamo from George M. McDowell's paper mill, and crowds of citizens thronged the streets to see this new and dazzling light. This system is the very best that we have yet seen, and the agent of the Company (Mr. Francis Keyser, 1003 Chestnut St., Philadelphia), informs us that their scale of prices are much lower than those charged by other companies. The company mean business, and all that they ask of the public is a fair, just trial of their system. They do not fear the result, as the test will speak for itself.

Farm and Garden.

BOXES.—New Jersey law compels every box or crate of cranberries, if to hold one bushel, to be 12x22 inches, and 12 3-8 inches deep. The Massachusetts cranberry barrel must measure 100 quarts. Legislation regarding such measures will be urged in other States.

NARROW TIRES.—If we construct and nicely grade a road to-day, and then put on an engine of destruction, it would be no more destructive than the fact of our practice. The narrow tires of our wagons cut up and destroy roads as fast as they can be made, while a slight covering of gravel will become compact by the passing of a wide tire.

TRANSPLANTING.—In transplanting trees and shrubs, examine the roots and cut them off above all broken and injured parts; and then be sure to prune the tops so as to remove at least two-thirds of last year's growth. This is given as a general rule, and usually there will be danger of removing too little rather than too much of the top. The pines, spruces, firs, and similar evergreens, should not be pruned, except to remove some broken part.

GRAIN DRILL.—An Ohio man has invented a grain drill which sows the grain upon the surface of the prepared ground in a row six inches broad and covers it by shovels which throw the surface soil over it, leaving an open furrow between the rows of wheat. His drill tubes are one foot apart, so that half the land is occupied with grain, and half with furrows between. By this method he deepens the soil by placing the seed at the surface and then putting the surface soil from between the rows on top of it.

BATH FOR INSECTS.—A German method of destroying thrips and red spider, is to have a large vessel filled with clean hot water at a temperature of 133° F. The infested plants are dipped into the water for the space of four seconds, when the insects will be killed, and no damage done to the plants. It is best not to continue the immersion longer than the time noted. If afterwards a few insects appear that have developed since the operation, it may be repeated. The temperature of the water should be watched, and not allowed to fall below 122° F. It is said that even young shoots and flower-buds will not suffer in the least from this treatment.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 28, 1883.

NOW IS THE TIME TO RAISE CLUBS.

A GRAND OFFER!

A Copy of our Beautiful Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," to each subscriber, whether single or in clubs.

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THE MISTAKES OF MEN.

We have often wondered why it is that men so persistently engage in pursuits for which they have no fitness. An inscrutable Providence seems to have implanted in the minds of many men an insatiable desire to be forever doing precisely the thing that they can not do.

The common sense rule in life would seem to be for every man to find out, if possible, what he can do best, and then do it with all his might. But how many men seem to proceed on the rule of finding out what they can do worst, and then refusing to do anything but that! We are all of us not quite satisfied with what we are, and more or less anxious to be what we are not, nor ever can be.

Half the unhappiness of life, half the failures that men make, are traceable to this cause. Sometimes the foible is simply laughable. When a little man swells about with the air of a giant; when a youth with a high, squeaky voice persists in singing bass; when a smooth-faced man will wear a full beard—we smile at the result, and no harm is done. Somebody has made himself ridiculous, but he is happy in doing it, and nobody else is made miserable. But here is a man with excellent gifts for making a good blacksmith, and he will be nothing but a lawyer; there is another with the making of a first-class farmer in him, and he will be only a preacher; still another, whose ideas never soared above the dullest of prose, fancies he is born to be a poet, and inflicts his verses upon a long-suffering world whenever he can find anybody to print them.

If perversity of this kind made only the victim himself unhappy, it might be borne more patiently. But not only do his family and relatives share the misfortunes, that inevitably pursue through life the man who insists on doing what he can not do; upon all who know him falls a part of the burden also. The man of this type is always, in his own estimation, an ill-appreciated man of genius, an unlucky dog, who has deserved far better things of fortune than the fickle dame has bestowed on him; and his friends have to hear complaints of this kind to an infinite extent. Very happy, indeed, they may reckon themselves if only their ears are besieged, and the purses are not laid under contribution by the he'er-do-wells.

SANCTUM CHAT.

IT is is now proposed, in England, to build steam-fire engines with separate and disconnected boilers. It is claimed by the builders that two horses cannot haul more machinery upon four wheels than is massed in the present fire-engines, and this puts a limit to the increase of power. But by the change suggested the power can be trebled with only double the number of horses.

—

AN advertiser in Vienna announced his want of "a man without encumbrance, of middle age, willing to travel, must be a misanthrope, with bitter experience of the wickedness of mankind; pay and position good; everything found." A vast number of misanthropes responded—so many, in fact, that the advertiser had to hire a secretary to deal with them.

—

THE publishers of a German novel recently did a neat thing in the way of advertising. They caused to be inserted in most of the newspapers a notice to the effect that a certain nobleman of wealth and high position, desirous of finding a wife, wanted one who resembled the heroine in the novel named. Thereupon every marriageable woman who saw the notice bought a book in order to see what the heroine was like, and the work had an immense sale.

—

BIENNIAL means only once in two years, triennial once in three years, biweekly means once in two weeks; therefore, triweekly ought, etymologically, and in the name of common sense, to mean once in three weeks. It ought to, but it doesn't, in common parlance, and that is enough to forbid its ever being used in its legitimate sense. The word is not given at all in the older dictionaries, and the question might be raised as to whether it has even yet acquired a fixed meaning.

—

ABOUT a year ago it was stated that Queen Victoria contemplated relaxing in certain cases the very rigorous rule which prohibits ladies who have figured in the Divorce Court (however blamelessly), or who are judicially separated from their husbands, from appearing at court. It is now said that by obtaining special leave from the Queen herself, ladies of this class, who might fairly claim a dispensation in in their favor, may now pay their duty to Her Majesty. A lady in this category attended the first drawing-room recently.

—

DRS. BEHM AND WAGNER, of Germany, the well-known statisticians of population, have published their compilations for 1882. The population of the various continents, according to the latest data, are given as folows: Europe, 327,743,400; Asia, 795,591,000; Africa, 205,823,200; America, 100,415,400; Australia and Polynesia, 4,235,400; Polar Regions, 82,500; total, 1,448,887,500. Of these, in round numbers, 400,000,000 belong to the western branch of the dominant Aryan race. They are subduing and displacing, or absorbing the competing races at all points of contact.

—

THE director of the Paris Municipal Laboratory, in his late report, gives the following list of substances found in a sample of cheap coffee: "Red earth, flour, coffee-grounds, caramel, talc, plumbago, vermicelli and semolina powder, bean-dust, ground peas and lupines, bread-crusts, acorns, grilled figs, beetroot, carrots, red ochre; sawdust ashes, mahogany shavings, vegetable earth, and sand." Some more expensive specimens differed from this sample only in containing an admixture, greater or less, according to the price, of adulterated chicory. Of ninety-one samples of coffee analyzed only thirteen were pure.

—

WHAT men love is the comfort of the married state, not the person who provides them—wifely duties rather than the wife. A man enjoys his home. He likes the cheerful fireside, the dressing-gown and slippers, the bright tea-urn, and the eyes behind it. He likes to see boys and girls growing up around him, bearing his name, and inheriting his qualities. He likes to have his clothes laid ready to his hand, buttons in their places, meals pleasant, prompt, yet frugal. He likes a servant such as money cannot hire—attentive, affectionate, spontaneous, devoted, and trustworthy. He likes great comfort for small outlay; and he certainly likes to be loved.

—

CONCERNING the shooting down of poor pigeons thrown helpless into the air from a trap, a London paper has this to say: "We have put down cock-fighting, although the cock undoubtedly gratified its natural instinct in the sport. Even the pugnacious rat is protected; but the poor defenceless pigeon, and the equally defenceless deer, may be mangled and worried for the pleasure of benevolent men, with entire impunity. When will the canting spirit of this sentimental age begin to give proof of a little consistency and common sense? The scientist must not inflict pain, even to elicit ways of cure from nature; but the bitterest agony may be ruthlessly inflicted on dumb animals, so that it be done under the guise of 'sport.'"

—

THE German Government has published a stringent decree prohibiting the use of poisonous colors for the manufacture of food-products or articles of food. Those which contain the following materials or compositions are included in this proscription: Antimony (oxide of antimony), arsenic, barium (except sulphate of baryta), lead, chromium (except pure chromic oxide), cadmium, copper, mercury (excepting cinnibar), zinc, tin, gamboge, picric acid. Again, the preserving and packing of food stuff or food-products intended for sale in wrappers colored with the the above-named colors, or in barrels in which the poisonous color is so employed that the coloring matter can pass into the contents of the barrel, is prohibited, as are also the same colors in the manufacture of playthings, with the exception of varnish and oil-paints made of zinc white and chrome yellow. The use of colors prepared with arsenic for the manufacture of paper-hangings and dress materials is likewise forbidden.

—

A GREATER amount of common sense is required in adorning a room with pictures than would be needed in settling the details of a new constitution. The room is furnished with the chief articles. What is now wanted is grace, delicacy and relief. Never purchase what are commonly called "staring pictures." Obtrusive, glaring and highly-colored sketches are marks of bad taste. Beauty does not thrust itself forward; it is shy and retiring: hides itself, so to speak, and steals on the fancy and the eye most gently. Brilliant reds, terrible yellows, and all the rest of the primary colors, go a long way; a little of them is better than a feast. Let the pictures you hang on your walls be soft in tint, and the effect will be far greater than if many dollars were spent in what really might be called "noisy" canvasses, from the way in which they distract the attention from the rest of the sober apportionments of the room. Hang all pictures, too, to balance each other, and as far as possible on a level with the eye—that is, the line upon which they are seen to the best advantage.

—

A POPULAR Parisian singer, as she entered the theatre on a recent evening, received from the door-keeper a bundle which provoked great merriment when she opened it in the green-room. It contained a roasted chicken, with a note from an ardent admirer, begging that she would send her portrait and "something belonging to her which she held to be precious," to a given address. As the lady happens to be married, her husband undertook to cool the ardor of her correspondent by a reply which ran thus: "Sir, as my wife is busy dressing her last baby (a girl, dear sir,) she requests me to answer your note, and to send you my portrait, her husband being, she assures me, what she deems most precious—at least at present. With regard to her photograph, you will find it at N——'s gallery, and I may tell you that the renowned photographer makes a great reduction when large quantities are taken. And, finally, my daughter being six months old you might a little later on, in transferring to the child the great love you bear for the mother, become my son-in-law. Who knows? Yours truly, X——."

—

WHAT was done before ice came into use? In Oriental countries the devices were few and simple. A low temperature was obtained by the evaporation of water through porous jars, the articles to be cooled being placed inside. The waters of deep wells were eagerly sought for, and are to-day in as much demand as they were in the time of Christ. Aside from these, there is but little comfort in tropical countries where ice is yet unknown; and the pious Mussulman resigns himself to fate with much more philosophy than a Christian shows under the same circumstances. Here, even at the present day, in many parts of the country, the customs of our forefathers are followed. Articles to be preserved are suspended half way down the wells, or cellars are dug deep enough, with the aid of thick stone walls to defy the heat. When once a mountain stream can be diverted to supply the house and dairy, ice can be dispensed with; but at the present time, the large cities would be almost as deserted and panic-stricken, should ice disappear, as they would with a failure of water.

—

A LITTLE adventure which once cost Wagner, the composer, a bad ducking, illustrates the precarious footing on which favorites stand with a sovereign highly sensitive as to his dignity. A water party by moonlight had been organized on the lake near King Louis' summer palace, and a celebrated prima donna had been invited to sing some of the duets from "Tristan and Isolde" with the King. Wagner, in his fancy dress, and a page, who sculled, completed the quartette in the royal boat. It was all very poetical, and the lady, carried away by the romance of the occasion, made so bold as to administer a gentle caress to the King, who resented this breach of etiquette by a push which sent her overboard. Wagner plunged after the soprano, whose tuneful voice was being raised with rare force, and succeeded in rescuing her; but it was a doleful party that presently stepped stepped ashore—Isolde sobbing and wringing her clothes, the Meistersinger creaking in his shoes, Tristan murmuring, as he stalked away with an injured air, and the page, no doubt, laughing in his sleeve, after the manner of his irreverent kind.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

BY CANON BELL.

Apple blossoms! apple blossoms!
Dainty sweet, and dainty fair,
What on earth to me so lovely?
What on earth to me so rare?

In the spring-time, in the spring-time,
In the childhood of the year;
When the birds come back to forests
Now no longer dark and drear.

Then the modest little violet,
And the snow-drop, pure and white,
Ope their eyes and hail the spring-time,
Smiling in its happy light.

Then I hail ye, apple blossoms,
Then I watch ye bud and bloom:
And I give ye gladdest welcome
As I breathe your sweet perfume.

For a happy recollection
Comes to me of long ago—
Of words spoken in the spring-time,
Of words spoken sweet and low.

And to me they are far sweeter,
Better, dearer every way;
For I sat beneath their branches
On that glad and happy day.

Branches bending loving o'er me,
Waving gently in the air,
Ringing sweet congratulations,
Crowning me with blossoms fair.

Do you wonder that I love them?
That to me they still are dear?
That I call them my "good angels?"
Sweetest blossoms of the year?

Apple blossoms! apple blossoms!
Dainty pink, and dainty white,
Blessings shower down upon me,
Strew my path with flowers bright.

In the spring-time, in the spring-time,
Come ye back to me each year,
Bringing with your fairy presence
Mem'ries bright, old age to cheer.

Saved.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

DOWN in a hollow, not far from the old dis-used iron foundry, where the fires had all gone out long ago, and where the very ghost of dead toil seemed lurking behind old chimneys and great piles of broken iron-work and heaps of slag and cinders, stood a little brick house, once the property of an overseer of the foundry, who, like it, had had his day, and was dead.

Now Mrs. Bishop lived in it—a grim, elderly lady, with a face like that of a man, a little, shadowy moustache upon her upper lip, and black eyes that even age could not dim.

People said that she was rich, and that she had money put away in the secret places of the old house.

If they were right she was a brave old woman, for she lived quite alone, at least half a mile from any other residence, with only a few old servent-woman for company and protection.

Friends Mrs. Bishop had none.

She had been a lively, sociable woman fifteen years before; but just as her hey-day was passing, just at the time when woman most needs the love and tenderness of the lover of her youth, Mr. Bishop, who was old enough to know better, suddenly disappeared.

With him vanished two thousand pounds—Mrs. Bishop's property—and a young person, with pink and white complexion and big blue eyes, who made Mrs. Bishop's dresses.

The insulted wife never mentioned her husband's name again.

She secured herself from future plunder; sold her pretty residence in the heart of the village, and removed to the small brick house near the deserted foundry.

From that she paid no visits and received none, and her heart grew very hard.

Old Sarah alone remained in her service. To her Mrs. Bishop was never unkind.

Sarah had been the first to break the news of Mr. Bishop's flitting to her mistress, and in the warmth of her sympathy had anathematized him and her, and all they took.

Mrs. Bishop had never forgotten this anathema.

The rest of her small world were her enemies.

She had stood before them a slighted, deserted, unhappy woman.

She hated them because they had been spectators of her misery.

Alone in this secluded house the two women had lived for years, when one day there came to the door a small, dirty-faced waif, who carried a basket in his hands, and who having pushed open the door, had penetrated as far as the parlor itself, when a strong hand came down upon his collar, and a voice cried, "Come, now, what do you want here?"

It was Mrs. Bishop who spoke.

"I'm sellin' lozenges," was the answer, in a sort of professional beggar whine.

"Lozenges, two papers for three pence."

"What should I want of lozenges?" replied the lady. "You'd no business to open the door!"

Then a glance into the grimy little face, pretty despite the dirt, softened the elderly woman's heart.

"Who sends you out to sell lozenges at your age?" she asked.

"I ain't sent; I come," replied the boy.

"Oh!" said the old lady.

"But your mother and father know, I suppose?"

"I never had any," replied the child. "I used to be in an 'sylum, but they used to beat us, and I run away.

"Now I live with Granny Potter—me and some other fellows.

"She's cheap because she got a cellar, and and some folks don't like the rats. I don't care, though."

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Bishop, a thought of a little boy she had lost years before making her voice more kindly than usual.

"Poor child!

"You look pale and plucked.

"I suppose you often have very little to eat?"

The boy nodded.

"Sarah!" cried Mrs. Bishop, suddenly.

At this the old servant trotted out of the kitchen, and stood staring at the unwonted apparition.

"The impudence of him!" she exclaimed.

"I might have known 'twasn't safe to leave the door unlocked."

"No matter, Sarah," said Mrs. Bishop. "Is there any of that chicken-pie left?"

"Plenty," replied Sarah.

"Put it on the table, and let this child eat all he wants," said Mrs. Bishop.

Sarah obeyed.

She had no choice but to obey, but she did so unwillingly.

All this while Mrs. Bishop watched the boy with curious eyes.

Now and then she smiled softly to herself, and as Sarah locked up the spoons, she said, kindly, "There's a tin basin and a roller-towel in the kitchen porch, and the pump is close by.

"Let me see what you look like with a clean face."

The child laughed, and obeyed.

He returned to Mrs. Bishop with a bright smile.

And now he was indeed quite a pretty child.

"That was nice pie," he said. "Granny Potter doesn't give us stuff like that.

"Thanky, missus."

"You can come here every day, if you like," said the lady.

"You must come to the kitchen door, though. There is always enough for one more.

"Heigho! If you will come, perhaps I can find some warm stockings for you."

"Thanky', missus," replied the boy. "I'll come."

He said no more, but he felt like one in a dream.

A dinner like that every day. It seemed impossible.

"You will be sorry for this, I'm afraid mum," said old Sarah, when the child was gone.

"Those street boys aren't to be trusted, and I wonder at you, mum—I do."

"I wonder at myself, Sarah," said Mrs. Bishop.

"But I suppose it comes of his being so small, and so hungry.

"I thought of poor little Sam who died, and how some dead mother may have loved this baby. You don't begrudge him a meal, Sarah?"

She shook her head, and went back to the kitchen.

"Something must be going to happen to Mrs. Bishop," she said to herself. "I never saw anything like this before.

"She that won't let the fine quality pass her door-sill."

But despite Sarah's prophecies nothing happened, except that Mrs. Bishop went to the village store and bought some stockings and flannel.

The boy came next day and was fed as before.

Afterwards Mrs. Bishop presented him with the stockings and shirts she had made, and with a comb and brush, and plenty of good advice besides. Sarah was astonished and indignant.

"Stragglers never come to any good, mum," she said, solemnly.

"When we are robbed and murdered you'll be sorry you encouraged a gutter-boy like that."

But Mrs. Bishop turned upon her sharply, and bade her hold her tongue.

In fact, a miracle seemed to have been worked.

The hard, stern woman had become soft-hearted.

She fed the boy, clothed him, taught him to know right from wrong.

Soon she began to teach him to read and write.

He learnt readily.

It was a sight to see him sitting beside the old lady at the library table while she put on her glasses to criticise his pot-hooks, which Peter—that was the boy's name—made very well.

"Mrs. Bishop must be losin' her senses," said Sarah to herself.

The stony face of Mrs. Bishop had a gentle look now-a-days, and all seemed brighter in the house.

So Christmas Eve came with a letter for Sarah.

A boy brought it to the door, and the old woman spelt it through her glasses, and took it to her mistress.

"It seems to be from my niece," she said, "or, about her, rather.

"It tells me she is very ill, and wants me to come over.

"It's signed 'A Neighbor.'

"Peggy must be bad if she can't write herself.

"And where's the boys? I'm quite upset and frightened."

"You must go to her at once, Sarah," said Mrs. Bishop.

"You can drive old Dobbin, and I shall not want him for a few days.

"Put him to the light cart, and don't hurry back if you're needed."

"It seems wrong to leave you all alone on Christmas Eve," said Sarah, "but needs must. And the chicken is stuffed and the pie made.

"But couldn't I send someone to stay until I come back?"

"No," said Mrs. Bishop.

And with her own hands she helped to harness the meek old horse and led him out into the road.

These two women did everything for themselves.

Then Sarah, trembling with agitation, climbed into the vehicle, and Mrs. Bishop watched her out of sight.

"Peter will be over this evening," she said to herself.

"I must talk to him.

"I must take him away from all those people and send him to school."

She smiled to herself.

"What a bright boy he is!" she said. He will do me credit."

The copy-book was on the table: cider and nuts, apples and ginger bread on a tray.

Mrs. Bishop absolutely walked to the window and peeped through the curtain to watch for Peter.

In a few minutes a little dark figure ran up the garden path, and the bell tinkled softly.

Mrs. Bishop went to the door, and Peter rushed in, and closed and bolted it behind him.

The light from the lamp in the entry fell upon his face.

It was white with terror.

He clutched Mrs. Bishop's dress in both hands.

"Come in!" he whispered. "I have such a dreadful thing to tell you. Pull the blinds down.

"No one can see from the outside now. Oh, what shall I do?—what shall I do?"

"What is the matter, Peter?" asked Mrs. Bishop, sitting down in her arm chair, while the boy crouched, shivering, before the grate.

To her surprise he turned towards her and sank down upon his knees, folding his hands, as she had taught him to do when he prayed.

"Oh, you don't believe I am bad enough to steal from you, or do you any harm?

"You wouldn't believe that, would you, as Sarah does?" he pleaded.

"Why, of course not, child," replied Mrs. Bishop.

"Indeed I wouldn't," he said. "Oh, I wouldn't!

"You've been so good to me, and treated me as if I was your own boy; and I love you—love you!

"But I must be quick; and what I'm going to tell you is the solemn truth.

"You didn't know how bad I was when I came here.

"All them folks at Granny Potter's are thieves and burglars.

"I was sent to steal what I could, and them lozenges was just to take folks in.

"I didn't use to care; but you taught me what was right to do.

"And then I got to pretending I never got a chance to steal nothing, and they beat me. I never told 'em how good you was to me, only that you gin me victuals, and that saved my keep, so they liked it.

"But I've heard 'em talking about you, and I listened, but couldn't make out anything until to-night.

"To-night Bill comes to me—Black Bill they call him for his hair and eyes—and says he, Pete, look here, you've been a useless cub for some time back, and you've got to go into business now.

"We're going to break into that brick house near the foundry to-night. There's lot's of money there, we're told.

"And the old woman has been giving you victuals lately; so you can get in. Pretend to be ill,' says he, 'after you've got your supper, and ask to sleep before the fire in the kitchen. Mind you're not able to stand or sit.

"They'll let you do it, never fear; and at two o'clock get open the kitchen door for us. That's all you'll have to do. There's a clock in the kitchen, I suppose?"

"'Yes,' says I—and I didn't dare to look at him."

"See, you don't go to sleep then.

"We've sent a humbug letter to Sarah, and it's all right with her. You ain't afraid to do it, Pete.''

"So I promised, and I've come here; and now, you know, you can send for the police, and you can send me to prison, too, if you like, only I swear I wouldn't steal from you nor see you hurt in no way for a fortune."

"I believe you, my poor child," said Mrs. Bishop.

She stood up, tall and straight, before the fire, and looked into it for a few moments with the old stern look.

"Peter," she said, "I trust you.

"I am going to write a note to Mr. Severn, the magistrate.

"You must take it to him and come back to me.

"Let the dreadful wretches who sent you believe you are ready to obey them, and I think all will be well."

Then Mrs. Bishop wrote a few lines upon a sheet of paper, placed it in an envelope, and gave it to the boy.

"Go out by the side door and through the garden," she said.

"If anyone is watching, you will not be seen going in that way."

Then the old lady sat alone again, and her brave heart beat high with wrath.

Not for a moment did she doubt little Peter, nor did she even tremble at the thought of danger and solitude.

Peter came back in half an hour. The magistrate followed him.

"I've done myself the pleasure of calling for the first time in fifteen years," he said. "Well, well, so you have got yourself into trouble at last.

"You had much better trusted the banks. However, have no fear. I assure you of your safety.

"Let all seem to be as usual. Retire to your room at ten.

"Meanwhile, do not leave this one. I am on guard.

"You are quite safe."

Then the magistrate bustled out of the room, leaving Peter and Mrs. Bishop together.

Strange creaks and squeals were heard all over the house—a little clash and clatter; then low voices; then all was still. The magistrate returned.

"Retire to your room, Mrs. Bishop, if you please," he said.

"Do not undress or light your lamp, but lie down in your clothes.

"Peter, leave a candle in the kitchen, and lie upon the floor.

"At two o'clock let the burglars in, as you promised.

"Good night!"

A weaker woman than Mrs. Bishop would have asked questions.

She did not.

She went quietly to her room. For a long time she lay, with the coverlet drawn over her, listening for some sound.

Then there came the opening of a door—a slow creak on the stairs.

She saw a flash of light from a lantern on the wall, and the dark shadow of a head in the midst.

The burglars were there. Two masked men bent over the bed.

But where were her protectors? There was no sound, no movement. Had they killed her?

"Gag and tie her," said one voice. "It's always safest."

"It's safest to blow her brains out at once," said another.

A hand touched her shoulder.

"I am deserted!—I shall be murdered!" said Mrs. Bishop.

And in a sort of desperate fury she sprang up in bed, and stood on the floor between her assailants.

At this instant the room became filled with light, which flashed from several open lanterns; and from under the bed, from behind the curtains, wherever they could be hidden, sprang armed policemen, hidden there by the magistrate without Mrs. Bishop's knowledge.

She was safe.

There is little more to tell.

The robbers met with their proper punishment, and their little victim, Peter, became the lion of the hour, Mrs. Bishop declaring her intention of adopting him, and Sarah, who had returned home in a terrible fright early in the morning, heartily seconding the resolution.

To-day no one could recognize in the handsome, happy youth the poor little lozenge-boy of five years ago; no mother is prouder of her child than is Mrs. Bishop of her adopted son, who is to be heir to all her fortune.

Maud's Ghost.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

ONE sultry day in August I was seated, half asleep, before the open window of my room, lazily smoking a cigar; and feeling altogether jolly and comfortable, when I was startled by a sharp ring of the bell. I aroused myself, and going to the door, saw the postman.

I took the letter, returned to my room, and breaking the seal, found it to be from my friend Tom, written in his own happy, careless style, as follows:—

"DEAR JACK,—

"I fell into this place, Beechman, by accident, and find, like the fly in the spider's parlor, that it is much easier to get in than out. The fact of the matter is I'm in love. You needn't laugh; it's a clear case this time. I am going to be married next month; come down and be best man. Will promise you good fishing, pretty girls, a real ghost, and no end of fun. Will meet you to-morrow.

"Eternally yours,

"TOM HENDERSON."

I studied the matter over, and finally concluded to go.

The next morning I packed my valise, and rushed to the station just in time to catch the train.

On arriving at Beechman, I found Tom waiting for me with a horse and trap.

Jumping in, we drove round to his rooms, where, after refreshing the inner man, we seated ourselves for a talk.

I was looking out of the window, trying to see what sort of a place I had fallen into, when I noticed in the distance, on the side of a small hill, a graveyard, and close by, half hidden by the trees, a queer-looking house.

It stood all alone, far away from any other dwelling, and had a dreary, lonely look; yet the smoke curling up among the trees showed that the place was inhabited.

Turning round, I interrupted Tom's remarks by asking, "Who lives in that queer old house by the graveyard?"

"Ghosts," he answered, slowly and solemnly.

Seeing my look of amusement, he added, "Come, draw your chair up here, and I will tell you the story."

I did as requested.

Tom lit a fresh cigar, and began his story, which I will give you in his own words:—

"You see that big stone house on the hill to the left? That belonged to Squire Brown, who lived there with his only child, a girl, a beautiful blonde, as good and sweet as she was beautiful.

"About three years ago the old gentleman was found dead in bed. Heart disease, the doctors said.

"When the will was read it was found that he had left everything to his daughter Maud, and appointed Lawyer Johnson (old Skinflint, the boys called him) as her guardian.

"Maud and Kitten Craven—my Kitten—were almost inseparable: and it was thought by everyone that Maud would be left to Major Craven's care; but there was the will duly made and signed, with old Lawyer Johnson as guardian.

"A few days after the funeral old Skinflint closed the big house on the hill, and moved to the house there by the graveyard, taking Maud with him.

"One day, Johnson's son, Henry, came home from college to see his father before going abroad.

"Shortly afterwards it was rumored that he was to marry Maud.

"Henry Johnson was handsome after a certain style, but had rather the look of a rogue.

"He was no better than his father, and great was the sorrow of everyone when it was known he was to marry sweet little Maud.

"About the last of August Henry went abroad, and old Skinflint took Maud away to school.

"He was absent some ten days, then returned to the haunted house, living there all alone.

"Six weeks afterwards, Maud was brought home a corpse—died of scarlet fever, which was then raging in the school.

"The coffin was not opened after its arrival here, for fear of spreading the disease.

"Soon people began to see lights moving about the old house at all hours of the night, and occasionally strange sounds and screams were heard, often followed by strange shrieks of laughter.

"Some of the boldest who have ventured near the house say they have seen a face at the window, which receded as they watched it, beckoning to them as it disappeared; but that was thought to be more imagination than anything else.

"Now that the house is haunted it is avoided more than ever, and no amount of money would induce any of the villagers to pass there after dark.

"Old Skinflint still lives there undisturbed.

"When asked how he could live in a haunted house, he answered—

"'I don't go up-stairs, and the ghost never comes down; so I have nothing to fear.'"

"On a closer examination of Squire Brown's will, it was found that in case of Maud's death before becoming of age, the property was to go to her guardian.

"My Kitten still grieves for Maud, and says she will always believe there was foul play somewhere in order to get her money, and that is the reason she haunts the house."

After Tom had ceased speaking, I sat quite still for a moment or so, then exclaimed—

"Tom, I never believed in ghosts, but if there's one in that house, I mean to see it."

Tom stared at me a moment, then holding out his hand, said—

"All right, old fellow! I'll help you all I can.

"Only, Jack, don't do anything rash, for old Flinty isn't a pleasant fellow to deal with."

I promised to keep out of trouble, and then started with him to see Miss Katie Craven, or, as my friend called her, Kitten.

We found her at the gate, watching for us.

She was a dark-haired, dark-eyed lassie, and the name Kitten suited her perfectly.

I proposed, instead of going indoors, that we should take a walk out past the haunted house.

Kitten agreed to this, so we started out to see the ghost.

We followed the winding road around the graveyard, down the side of the hill, and stopped at the little gate which led to the haunted house.

The windows were closed and barred; but one of the upper ones had a part of one of the shutters torn away, leaving a small square place through which you could see the window beyond.

Everything about the place was still and quiet.

The moonlight struggling through the trees fell directly on the little square of glass revealed by the broken shutter.

We stood there without speaking, silently gazing at the house, when suddenly there appeared at the little, square in the window a white, beautiful face.

Then a hand was extended which began to beckon to us, as though entreating us to come and avenge the owner's wrongs, and let the troubled spirit rest.

As we stood rooted to the spot, the face disappeared as suddenly as it came.

There was a wild scream, followed by shrieks of laughter, then all was still.

Kitten clapped her hands over her ears, as if to shut out those horrible sounds, and cried—

"It's Maud—little Maud!

"Oh, Tom, take me away, or I shall faint!"

Without speaking, we hurried Kitten home, and then returned to our rooms.

A good night's rest soon restored Kitten and Tom.

But I was changed.

I seemed under a spell.

I could not eat, read, or sleep.

I was constantly haunted by that beautiful white face and beckoning hands.

Wherever I went, whatever I did, the face seemed always floating on before me.

About three nights after our adventure Tom and I were seated by our window, taking our smoke before going to bed.

Even then the face did not leave me, but seemed floating with the rings of smoke in and out of the window, begging me with its sad, imploring eyes to follow.

Presently the clock began striking the hour of midnight, and as the last sound died away, I sprang to my feet, exclaiming—

"Tom, I can't stand this any longer!

"Ghost or devil, I'm going to see what it is!"

I seized my hat, rushed from the house, and was soon out on the road, followed by Tom.

Arriving at the gate of the haunted house, we paused to consider what was the best way of beginning the attack.

Should we walk boldly up to the house and demand an entrance, and right to search the place from garret to cellar, or what should we do?

Before we could decide what was best, lights began to dance about in the house.

Then all was dark except the room with the broken shutters.

There the light stopped.

Then we heard a scream, and a noise that sounded like blows.

I turned to Tom and remarked, "If that's a ghost, all I have to say is that it has good lungs!"

Just then the scream was repeated; and this time I though I heard distinctly the words—

"Help, help!"

Without pausing to think, I jumped over the low fence, ran through the hall, the door of which stood open, sprang up the steps, and gained the ghost's room, at the door of which I stopped, thunderstruck.

In one corner of the room, by the window, was a tall, old-fashioned bed; and tied to one of the posts was a beautiful girl, her yellow hair unbound and falling around her.

In the centre of the room, with his back to me, stood a little old man.

He had in his hand a whip, with which he seemed to have been beating the girl.

He stood there grinning and chuckling horribly.

The girl raised her head and saw me.

Reaching out her arms, she cried, imploringly—

"Oh, sir, for God's sake, save me!"

That broke the spell.

With a bound I reached the old man, and with one blow of my fist sent him flying to the other side of the room.

Taking out my knife, I soon cut the cords that bound the poor girl, who fell forward fainting in my arms.

Catching her more closely I hurried from the room, meeting Tom, who had just got over his astonishment sufficiently to follow me.

"It's a woman, Tom," I said, "not a ghost!"

"My God! it's Maud Brown!" said Tom. "Take her to Kitten."

As quickly as possible I carried the unconscious girl to Mr. Craven's, where we soon had the whole family aroused and attending the poor child.

When she had somewhat recovered, she told her story.

Old Skinflint had tried to make her marry his son, and when she refused, sent her to his sister's house, saying she had gone off to school.

Then, on the death of his sister, he brought her home and shut her up, bringing his sister's body home, and burying it as Maud's.

"Oh," said Maud, "you don't know what a horrible life I led!

"Sometimes he would come to my room, and try to make me promise to marry his son.

"When I refused he became a perfect fury, beating me until I shrieked for mercy.

This seemed to delight him so much that he would go off into fits of unearthly laughter.

"These sounds only served to make the house more dreaded.

"One night I broke the cords that bound me, and managed to reach the window.

"When I saw you, Kitten, and two strangers at the gate, I beckoned to you, and tried to make you understand and help me; but old Skinflint came in and dragged me from the window.

"Of course my sudden disappearance, followed by my screams and the old man's laughter, frightened you away.

"To-night I thought I heard voices, and I screamed for help.

"Then you came and saved me," said she, holding out one thin little hand.

"Oh, how shall I ever thank you—how repay you?"

I smiled, and told her to get strong and well, and then I would tell her how she could do so.

Early the next morning a party of us went over to the haunted house, and found the old man lying on the floor, where I had thrown him, still unconscious.

We took him to a place of safety, and when he regained consciousness he confessed everything.

He had drawn up Squire Brown's will, in which Craven was named as Maud's guardian.

After the Squire's death he had cleverly substituted his name for Craven's, and so got Maud into his possession.

Afterwards, the idea of compelling her to marry his son occurred to him.

In this way he could secure her money without further crime; but when she refused to do this he sent her to his sister, whose death suggested to him the plan of the haunted house.

A few days afterwards, the old man was found dead in his bed.

A small phial half filled with a dark-looking liquid showed he had taken his own life.

The following month there was a double wedding, and the happy persons made one were Tom and Kitten, your humble servant and Maud.

Nellie's Escape.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

"THE coldest day of the season," said strong men, as they buttoned about them their overcoats.

The snow fell in icy flakes, that made the cheeks of those exposed to the fury of the storm tingle and ache from cold.

It was in a fashionable street that Mr. Howard Croydon's handsome house was built, and at one of the windows two young girls sat looking and laughing at the comical appearance of the different passers by.

"Just look, Bertha," said Nellie Croydon, the blonde mistress of the house; "there is Walter Lathrop. Suppose we bow to him?"

And the girls nodded their heads in recognition of the handsome gentleman, who bowed in return with the grace of a Chesterfield.

"I must say, Nell, I almost envy you, as Mr. Lathrop is evidently your admirer; but I don't know that I do when I recall the bad stories that are told of him.

"They say he has a wife somewhere, and that he deserted her because her father became poor.

"I hope he is nothing to you."

Poor, pretty Nellie blushed scarlet, murmured something about "Walter being misunderstood," then called Bertha's attention to the silks, laces, and fancy articles that were strewn upon couches, chairs and the carpet.

The girls were preparing for a fancy dress ball, and chattered as freely as if the silent shy little dressmaker in the next room had been a lay figure.

Nell's room was hung with blue satin; the carpet was of the same hue, and all was in harmony.

"Oh, Nell, what a fortunate girl you are to have such an elegant home, plenty of pin-money, and a kind, good father! I shall advise you to think twice before you wed and leave him."

Nellie stooped to hide her burning face, and the photograph of handsome Walter Lathrop fell from the folds of her dress.

"Oh, Nell, how could you hide this from me?

"And it is inscribed 'Ever your own Walter.'"

"Oh, Nell, I fear for you!

"I know your father will not permit him to call here.

"Don't see him again.

"Only this week I have heard such bad things about him.

"I used to admire him, but not now," said Bertha, earnestly.

"I will not hear such things of Walter Lathrop.

"He was married once, but his wife died.

"He told me how miserable he was with her.

"You may regret your warning some time."

"Well, Nell, promise me not to see him unless your father knows," pleaded Bertha.

"I will promise nothing.

"Perhaps jealousy makes you so anxious about me.

"I remember someone who used to rave of Walter's dark eyes and stately air."

"Nell, you do not mean that; let us not part in anger, but kiss and make up, as the children say."

Soon after Bertha took an affectionate leave of her friend.

Nellie went into the sewing-room.

There sat the seamstress, deadly pale, her hand pressed tightly upon her heart, and a look of woe in her dark brown eyes.

"Oh, what is it, Mrs. Walton? Can I get you anything?" asked the kind-hearted girl.

"No, thank you, Miss Croydon; you cannot help me.

"Oh, if I dared tell her!" said Mrs. Walton, as Nellie left the room.

A few moments later, Nellie was flying down the street, through the storm, looking pretty enough in her blue velvet suit to distract the heart of any man.

She glanced about as if looking for someone, then made her way to the porch of a church inside of which a young man stood waiting for her.

"And have you really come, my darling?

"I have been here ages, yet I feared you could not get away from home.

"And how is my darling?" asked the handsome original of the photograph that Nell guarded so carefully.

"I hate to see you go home unattended through the storm, but your father has an intense dislike for me," said Lathrop, after a hurried conversation.

"I am sorry Miss Bertha has turned against me.

"She used to be sweet enough to me, but I always preferred your blue eyes to her bold black ones.

"Is your friend inclined to be jealous?" asked Mr. Lathrop, with a shrug and grimace that intimated much that he did not say.

"Oh, no!

"Bertha Leighton is too noble for that," said Nell.

"Perhaps," replied Walter, with another shrug.

"But remember, Nellie, we must be married to-morrow by special license.

"Your father will not cast off his 'motherless bairn' for marrying the man she loves, whose only crime is poverty.

"To-morrow morning, at eight, come here.

"Do not tell anyone, and beware of Miss Leighton."

Nell ran home, stumbling at the threshold over her father.

"Oh, papa, I did not know——"

"You did not know what, daughter?" asked her father, eyeing her keenly.

"Nellie, the carriage is at your service.

"Use it hereafter; do not walk in such a storm."

Nell ran to her room, and bathed in cold water the crimson cheeks; but flame they would.

"How can I meet papa's eyes?

"But he does not understand Walter as I do—my handsome lover!" said she, as she kissed the picture before putting it in the cabinet.

The next morning a servant brought her a message from Mrs. Walton; she asked to see her on urgent business, being too ill to come to her work.

Nellie ordered the carriage, and drove to the street Mrs. Walton called home.

Bidding the coachman wait, she toiled up the broken steps leading to her room.

Mrs. Walton lay upon a couch of faded damask.

Two children, with beautiful eyes and hair, hung over her caressingly.

"I sent for you, Miss Croydon, to save you from much sorrow.

"I know I shall pain you by my story, but you must know.

"I heard what Miss Leighton said to you about Walter Lathrop.

"I wanted to speak then and there, but did not dare.

"I am the deserted, but not divorced, wife of Walter Lathrop; these are his children.

"Here is the certificate of our marriage.

"Yonder is his photograph!"

And the weak, wronged wife burst into tears.

Nellie went to look at the picture.

Yes, it was the same, only younger and handsomer, and inscribed, "To my dear wife, Lucia Walton."

"Yes, Miss Croydon," said Mrs. Walton, as soon as she could speak; "Walton is his real name.

"We were playmates from youth.

"He married me when I was a happy girl, and was ever kind until papa lost his money.

"His love seemed to wane then.

"When papa died he left me poor and alone.

"Only last week did I learn where he was.

"Do not hate me, but I could not rest until I knew the truth."

Nellie stood white and trembling.

"Hate you?

"No, I bless you, you shall never want while I live!"

Nellie left the poor abode, and drove home.

"A fine bonfire these will make!" said the angry little lady, as she threw into the grate the cream-tinted love-notes, photograph of Mr. Lathrop, alias Walton; also the withered flowers of numerous bouquets.

"And now papa must never know how near I came to bringing reproach upon his name.

A doubly dutiful child I mean to be hereafter."

Walter Lathrop sat and waited hours for his bride.

At last he dismissed the coachman and clergyman, and feeling that he could remain in the town no longer, shook the dust of the place from his feet, leaving numerous tailors to mourn his loss.

He wonders what happened; if Bertha Leighton interfered; or could it be that the girl was deep enough to purposely mislead him?

And he gnaws savagely the handsome moustache, and wishes he knew the truth.

Nell is happy as the day is long, and tenderly cares for her friend, Lucia Walton.

HUXLEY says "there was a time when men walked on all fours." He probably alludes to that interesting time in the early life of us all when we approached a neighbor's melon-patch from the back way.

At the Point of Death.

A Clergyman in South Haven, Mich., who has been greatly benefited by Compound Oxygen, and who has used his influence to induce others to try it, writes as follows: "An elderly lady here, who is now able to see to her household affairs, was long at the point of death from Consumption. A day or two since she walked out a distance of four blocks. All are expressing surprise concerning her recovery. The Oxygen is doing more for these cases than all the physicians."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, action, and results, with reports of cases and full information, sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dewdrop.

BY JENNIE C. LONG.

"IT is all very nice," said Doris Lear, "for novel writers to talk so much about rural felicity; to attire their rustic heroines in spotless muslins, and send them into the kitchen, from where, in a marvelously short time, they return without having crumpled a flute, or having unromantically retained any odor of coffee or garlic—a woman in real life knows better than to wear muslin in a kitchen."

Doris was engaged to be married to Russell Morris, and unlike most bride elect, she was very unhappy.

Not that she did not love her betrothed husband, or that he did not satisfy her even to the finest fiber of her idealistic nature.

It was because she did love him that she was so miserable.

Russell was only a poor farmer with the support of a widowed mother and two young sisters depending upon his exertions.

"Different minds incline to different objects."

Doris "sighed for harmony, grace, and gentlest beauty."

She was only a little flower-faced girl-woman.

Recently a little grief had bubbled up in her life, and its little wild wailing would not be hushed again.

All the farmers' wives that Doris knew wore soiled print dresses; and their only thought seemed to be how to get through with their work.

They had no time to add little feminine touches of beauty to their homes, or to wear a bright ribbon now and then, and let the sunshine chase the shadows from their faded faces.

"Oh," thought poor little Doris, "I would rather die to-day than be transformed into one of those women.

"It is not that I want wealth or the external splendor which it gives.

"If, now, I had fifty hands instead of only two, I could know no greater happiness than to call myself Russell's wife.

"If I had only half as many as Briareus, I could do all the drudging and still have time left to wear pretty dresses, to have my books and flowers, to make my humble little home an earthly Paradise.

"I could indeed feel that 'there is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing.'

"But I'm talking nonsense.

"I have only two hands and they are not sufficient.

"I cannot marry Russell, that is all.

"To do so would be cruel to both him and me."

Doris had been thinking of all this for a long time.

The rose-bloom faded from her cheeks and the quiver about her mouth told of deep distress.

If she had been a less conscientious girl, she would have wrecked her own and her lover's life by marrying him.

But she was scrupulously honest—one of nature's little flowers that would bloom to the end without losing any of its pristine fragrance.

"Feeling as I do, it would be dishonest to marry him," sobbed the little girl-woman.

"He calls me his 'dewdrop,' his 'snowdrop,' but dearly as I love him, were I to become his wife, I would make his life all shadow and not sunshine.

"I cannot bear it any longer.

"When Russell comes this evening, I shall tell him all."

It was evening now and she was waiting for her lover.

She was standing at a window in an old fashioned sitting-room watching the falling leaves.

She heard the clock from her mother's room strike four, and as the last chime died away she heard the click of the gate latch and saw Russell coming up the chrysanthemum-bordered walk.

He looked up and saw her and a great, glad light instantly illuminated his noble face.

Doris buried her face in her hands.

"Oh, God, assure me that I am doing right!

"I want to do right, only right!" she cried.

She heard Russell stop in the hall to take off his hat and overcoat, but she did not go to meet him, did not even turn her face towards him, when in a little while he came into the room.

"Dewdrop, something is wrong.

"Surely you are ill, darling?"

He was not a handsome man—a tall form, an honest, sunburned face, and hands that were not at all shapely and white; but such as he was, Doris loved him, and it was very hard to send him away.

"Yes," she said, looking at him with tired, woeful eyes, "I think I am ill, at least I am tired—so tired of everything."

"What has gone wrong, little girlie?

"I have noticed for sometime that something was troubling you; but I have waited for you to tell me in your own way.

"Sit down and I will tell you."

When he had seated himself, she went behind his chair and clasped her little hands before his eyes, for she did not wish to see the terrible pain that she knew they would reflect after he had heard her story.

"You say for sometime you have noticed that I was troubled about something.

"Dear Russell, I have been thinking of our future, and the thought has not given me pleasure.

"Oh, Russell, I can never make you understand that I think we can not open that future together as we have intended!"

She had not meant to tell him in so sudden a manner, but she was too miserable to choose words.

He arose from his chair and looked at her as though he did not understand.

"I do not understand you, Dewdrop.

"Why can we not spend the future together?"

"Because we are both so cruelly poor," she said.

"Oh, Dewdrop, do you scorn my poverty?" he cried, with a ring of pain in his voice.

He was standing at one end of the hearth and she at the other.

"No, it is not that.

"You will go away from me with harsh thoughts because I cannot make you understand what it is.

"Six months ago, when you told me that you loved me, there was no happier girl in all the world than I.

"I thought then, and I still think that 'there is nothing half so sweet in life, as love's young dream.'

"But, of late, the near approach of our wedding day, has necessarily aroused a new train of thought—has forced me to think less of the present and more of the future.

"Dear Russell, it seems hard to say it, but I cannot help but feel that that future holds only gloom for you and me.

"Your life is a hard one, so hard that I have concluded that I cannot be your wife."

She looked at him.

His face was very white, and the imploring look in his eyes seemed to say—

"Do not take this last ray of sunshine from my life!'

"You are ill, Dewdrop; you cannot mean what you say.

"Oh, tell me, darling, that you do not mean it!" he cried, gathering the little thing in his arms, with a passion which said far more eloquently than words could say—

"It would break my heart to give her up."

"I cannot, Russell, for I do mean it.

"I think I would rather be put in my grave to-day than to marry you."

Slowly and distinctly the words were spoken, and he knew that she had determined to send him away.

"Oh, Dewdrop, if it could be otherwise—if it could be otherwise.

In that "could be," he saw a vision of himself with Doris, tender and true, standing at his side.

There was gladness on their faces, and the sunshine threw its light upon the walls of their humble little home.

The dews were falling, and the lonely twilight star shining against a leaden sky as he went away.

As he opened the gate which led to the road, a light waggonette, in which sat five or six soft-eyed Italians with musical instruments was passing.

The shadow deepened on his brow as he caught the words of an old familiar song that they were singing—

"'Neath the shadows down the meadow,
Dead leaves lie on every side."

Then, when they were almost out of sight, the chorus floated back to him.

"I will meet you, I will greet you,
When the roses come again."

* * * * *

One year had come and gone.

Doris was standing at a window watching the falling leaves, and the fine, misty rain as it fell against the window panes.

She was very lonely to-day, and try as she would, she could not help repeating Carlyle's cheerless lines—

"What is hope? A smiling rainbow,
Children gather through the wet,
Futile they, still yonder, yonder,
Never urchin found it yet."

Yesterday she had stood by the grave of Mrs. Morris and listened to the dull thud of the clods of earth as they fell upon the coffin.

She would have given worlds then if she could have gone to Russell and have comforted him in his hour of grief; but as it was, she had not spoken one word.

"Doris," called Mrs. Lear, who was sitting by a cheerful fire.

"Yes, mother."

"I want you to take Lottie and Dave, and go over to Russell's and persuade him to let his little sisters come home with you.

"You know, Doris, they must be very lonely now.

"A man is very well in his way, but somehow, he does not know how to comfort one in time of trouble as a woman does."

"Oh, mother, I can't go there!"

"Then you are a very unsympathetic girl, Doris.

"I am not well enough to go myself."

For a little while Doris was silent, then in a hesitating voice she said—

"I will go, mother."

Russell Morris and his little sisters were indeed sad as they sat at their lonely fireside and listened to the sobbing of the wind, and knew that the winter rain was falling upon their mother's grave.

The fire was burning cheerfully, the bright sparks flying up the chimney, but poor little Mittie and Hettie almost hated the bright blaze and lively crackle, for they were repeating all the while—

"The rain is falling upon mother's grave."

Hettie was seated upon Russell's knee with her tearful face muffled against his breast.

She was only six years old, and to her mother had meant all.

Her little form was convulsed with sobs as she cried—

"Oh, brother Russell, I want my dear mamma."

"Does death mean that we shall never see her again?"

Mittie laid her head against her brother's knee and sobbed, too, as though her little heart would burst.

Poor Russell, the grief of his little sisters made it all so much harder to bear.

It was very hard to listen to the sobs and to feel that he had no power to comfort them.

He clasped them in his arms and pressed his cheek against their tear-wet faces, and in a voice broken with emotion said—

"Dear little sisters, our mother is in Heaven.

"She cannot come to us, but remember some day we shall go to her.

"Try not to be so sad.

"You have brother Russell who loves you even as mother did."

Then the door opened softly, and Doris, Dave, and Lottie came in.

Doris went up to the sad little group and sat down at Russell's feet upon an ottoman which Mittie had just vacated.

"I have come to take Mittie and Hettie home with me.

"May they come?"

He disengaged the little girls' arms from around his neck and arose from his chair.

"Yes—comfort them for me, Doris, and I will bless you always."

Then he opened the door and went out.

Doris put her arms around the little girls and drew them to her side.

"Would you not like to go home with me?" she asked, caressingly.

"We cannot leave brother Russell," said Mittie.

"Do come," pleaded Dave and Lottie; "we will have such fun playing together."

"No, no," sobbed both little girls; "we can't go away to play, and leave brother Russell all by himself to listen to the rain falling upon mother's grave."

"But, perhaps he would go, too," said Dave.

"I'll go and ask him."

"Come back, Dave; I will ask Russell," said Doris as she walked to the window and looked out.

She saw Russell leaning upon the little gate in an attitude of unutterable weariness.

She went out to him, and before he was aware of her presence, laid her hand upon his arm.

"Russell, Mittie and Hettie will not go without you.

"To gratify them, will you not go, too?"

"I cannot, Doris."

The rich color rushed to her cheeks, and the little hand lying on his arm trembled, but a little desperate expression of firmness settled about her lips as she said—

"Russell, can you forget that one year ago I told you I could never be your wife?

"Will you forget that, Russell, and let me, once more, be your Dewdrop, and Mittie and Hettie's sister—mother?"

He had not been looking at her, but now he turned quickly and took her hands in his.

"No, never, never!

"Once I asked you for your love and you refused it.

"I do not want, I will not have your pity!"

"It is not pity that I offer you.

"Oh, Russell, do not make it so hard for me.

"Will you not understand that I have been miserable ever since I sent you away.

"Dear, I have learned that I love you, that all else is naught."

Then, as in the days of old, the light came to his eyes, and he took the little thing in his arms and kissed her again and again.

He did go home with Doris and the little girls.

Not long after this, there was a quiet little wedding at Mr. Lear's.

Of course Doris was the bride.

Thus she became Mittie and Hettie's sister-mother, and Russell's precious little wife, Dewdrop.

KEEP UP THE FIRES.—Did you ever notice the frost on the window-panes? It is the congealed vapor of your once warm room; and if you warm the room, the frost will disappear, and you can see out into the world again. Let your heart grow cold, and the frost of distrust and bitterness will gather around it, blinding the soul and shutting out the light; but kindle up the fires of love, and the windows of the soul will become as clear as crystal transmitting the light of Heaven, and giving you glimpses of Paradise.

M. S.

SKILL IN THE WORKSHOP.—To do good work the mechanic must have good health. If long hours of confinement in close rooms have unfeathered his hand or dimmed his sight, let him at once, and before some organic trouble appears, take plenty of Hop Bitters. His system will be rejuvenated, his nerves strengthened, his sight become clear, and the whole constitution be built up to a higher working condition.

Mrs. Dobb's Letters.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

ONE day Mrs. Dobbs wrote the following letter to her intimate friend, Mrs. Smith:—

"DARLING,—

"Can't you come over on Tuesday and spend a couple of days with me? I am very anxious to see you. Bring your dear baby with you. How I long to kiss the sweet cherub!

"Yours ever,

"LOUISA."

She gave the letter to Mr. Dobbs to post, and he put it in his coat pocket.

On his way to town he met a man, and they got into such an exciting discussion over the Egyptian question that Dobbs forgot all about the letter, and let it lie in his pocket.

Mrs. Dobbs waited. She waited for an answer; but none came.

She waited till Tuesday arrived and passed without Mrs. Smith turning up with the baby or sending her a reply.

Mrs. Dobbs was indignant. She sat down and wrote another letter as follows:—

"MRS. SMITH,—

"I am very anxious to know why you didn't reply to my letter the other day. It was more than unkind. If you do not care to continue our acquaintance further, of course I don't.

"Yours, &c.,

"LOUISA DOBBS."

Mrs. Dobbs handed this letter to her husband as he was leaving the house in the morning, and told him to drop it in the post office as he went by.

He said he would, and he put it carefully in his pocket.

At the corner of the street he met Lawyer Freer, and an animated discussion ensued, respecting the prospects of the party at the general election.

Mr Dobbs was so interested that he went to the lawyer's office, and stayed there an hour.

By that time the letter was forgotten, and all the conditions prepared for a war to the knife on the part of Mrs. Dobbs against Mrs. Smith.

A week rolled by, and Mrs. Dobbs heard nothing from Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. Dobbs gradually grew madder and madder.

Her face ran up to one hundred and ten degrees in the shade.

Now she *knew* Mrs. Smith intended to cut her and insult her.

Finally, one day, she boiled clean over in the following letter, addressed to Mrs. Smith:—

"MADAME,—

"Your outrageous and impudent conduct towards me, merits such *scorn* and [illegible] as I feel, but cannot express. Henceforth we are enemies! I *hate* you! Yes, *hate* and I regret that I ever asked such a *viper* to my house. Don't you ever *dare* to set your foot in my doors, you or any of your brats! Do you understand me?

"With contempt,

"LOUISA DOBBS."

There was a futility about it; but when Dobbs took this letter with him he carried it in his hand; he met nobody who talked of the elections, but he went straight to the post-office and dropped it in.

The next day Mr. Smith came to town and went to Dobbs' office, and presenting the letter to him, asked, "Dobbs, what in the name of common sense does this mean? Is your wife insane?"

Dobbs read it over slowly, and for a while he was bewildered.

Suddenly a light dawned on him.

"Gracious!" he exclaimed.

"Why, my goodness, Smith, I had two letters to post for your wife, that Louisa gave me, and I forgot to post them. She is mad because they were not answered."

"Where are those letters?" asked Smith calmly.

"Why, here," said Dobbs, feeling in his pocket.

"No! Let me see.

"Why, I declare, they are in the pocket of my other coat, at home.

"[illegible] awful!

"Suppose we go and explain, and try to pacify [illegible]?"

They went.

When Dobbs opened the front door he saw a trunk in the hall.

Mrs. Dobbs was sitting on the stairs, with her bonnet on, crying.

She had a bandbox, four bundles, and an umbrella with her.

"Louisa, what on earth is the matter?" exclaimed Dobbs.

"I'm going to leave you! I'm going back to father's to live.

"Wh-wh-what does all this mean?" Dobbs shrieked.

"It means that I have found my letters to Mrs. Smith in your coat pocket! You never posted them.

"I believe you did it on purpose, to make trouble and break my heart. I will leave you, monster, for ever!"

Then Dobbs called Smith in, and Mrs. Dobbs was gradually soothed.

When Dobbs promised her a new bonnet pin and a patent preserving kettle, she even smiled.

But when she has letters to post now, she takes them to the office herself.

[illegible] Diamond Dyes are so perfect and [illegible] that it is a pleasure to use them. Equally good for dark or light colors. It cts.

Our Young Folks.

OUR HAPPY FAMILY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

THE EAGLE'S STORY—[CONTINUED.]

"YES, the lion and I had quite a pleasant chat together.

"Perhaps we grew a little melancholy when we thought of our own countries [illegible] so far away again.

"[illegible] were very comfortable here, and perhaps got more attention than we might in our own homes.

"But sometimes I long to see the great lakes and rivers, and to hear the roar of Niagara, and to see the great prairies and the grand forest glowing in all their autumn splendor—ah, that is a sight!—and the swamps, and the herds of buffaloes, and the Indians.'

Here Jeff interrupted.

"And have you ever seen an Indian, a North American Indian, and a squaw, and a wigwam?"

The eagle looked meditatively at Jeff.

"Yes," he replied, "I have seen them all; they are not so plentiful as they were in my grandfather's time.

"Then the Indians waged war not altogether successfully with the Yengees—for so they called the first Englishmen who settled in the eastern borders of the great continent.

"There were terrible massacres until the white men became numerous enough to resist them, and maintain their position.'

"Yengees!" repeated Eva; "what a funny name!"

"Since corrupted into Yankees," said the eagle.

"It was the Indian mode of pronouncing 'English.'

"[illegible]'s an old family tradition," he added, half to himself.

"What?

"Why?

"Why [illegible]?" asked Jeff.

"I [illegible] the eagle.

"One of the New England families.

"Ah! my grandfather (for we are a long-lived family) saw the white ships tossing over the ocean.

"Poor little ships! not such grand vessels as come sailing to our shores nowadays.

"And there were no piers and docks, the people landed on the rocky coast, and were thankful enough to have reached the new country in safety.

"[illegible] worldly goods were concerned, but rich in strength and determination to hew their own path in the world.

"He saw them housed in log-huts until they could build houses for themselves.

"They had not much money, for they were not allowed to carry away more than twenty-five in money from England.

"So they took furniture and merchandise [illegible].

"And the Indians were all about?" said Jeff.

"Oh, yes!

"They had a fort near the great swamp on the borders of the forests, and they hunted and fished, and made raids on the white people when they had the opportunity.

"Ah! an Indian was something to look at then, in his war-paint and hunting leggings and strings of scalp locks.

"Terrible he was, and he had a deadly hatred to the white man, who came to take the land from him.

"'The land is mine from the rising to the setting sun,' said he.

"'Wherefore should the Yengees come from over the great water to take away the red man's hunting-grounds.

"'The red man has done them no harm; he has not made war upon them, he is content with his own land.

"'Shall we sit down and let the pale faces take it from us?'

"At this many warriors started to their feet, and one drew forth a scalping-knife, and said—

"'With this will I take the scalp locks of our enemies, man, woman, and child, none shall escape.

"'But the Great Spirit has spoken, and his word shall be kept.'

"Then rose up the medicine-man of the tribe, and he answered—

"'The Yengees have fire-weapons, and dwell together.

"'[illegible] one from the other, and they would soon open them.

"'There is no pardon for a young Warrior.'

"'That is not the talk of a brave,' said he.

"'Let the war-whoop sound through the woods, and our tribe come like a whirlwind and sweep the red man's enemies away.'"

The younger Indians applauded, but the [illegible] and said—

"'[illegible]!' [illegible].

"'The medicine-man hath counseled wisely.'

"And so the Indians waited, and the spring brought its flowers and summer flowers, and the autumn turned the leaves white and red and gold, and they came to [illegible].

"[illegible] had made their homes by the [illegible], and had [illegible].

"There was [illegible] little disturbance [illegible] and the red men were rejoicing at their losses.

"'We will be happy here,' said the wife; 'our crops are good, there is no lack of food.

"'It is rich land, but we will not forget the dear old mother country in this [illegible] New England to which we have come.'

"'I [illegible],' answered [illegible], 'and we must keep in memory [illegible] old customs.

"'And we have been more peaceful and have had no signs of molestation from the Indians.'

"'No,' returned the wife, 'they have forsaken their camp, and gone farther into the woods.

"'But I wish the winter was over.

"'It is likely to be a severe one; even now the snow is falling and the wind whistling, and——

"'Hark!'

"Both husband and wife sprang to their feet.

"'Ha!

"'What was it?

"In the distance rose a shrill piercing cry that once heard is never forgotten.

"'The Indians!

"'It is the war-whoop!'

"The wife turned white as the snow that was falling, and the husband seized his gun.

"'And Phineas has a fowling-piece; we can perhaps keep them at bay.'

"'Not here, not here,' said the wife; 'we must flee to some safer place where we will be quite secure.

"'Two are not enough to defend the house.'

"And she took up her little boy in her arms."

The eagle paused.

Jeff was breathless.

"Did the Indians catch them?" he asked, impatient to hear the remainder of the story.

But the eagle did not notice the interruption.

"'There is one spot,' said the husband, 'north of the swamp, if we could only reach it.'

"'Let me carry the child,' said Phineas, and he would have taken the child from the mother.

"But the mother said—

"'Nay, two guns are better than one; they may be needed, and your arms should be free.'

"And she still held the child.

"So the three began their flight in the wild snow-storm.

"A flight for life with the wind raging and the distant wolves howling. For there were many wolves to be met with in the forests in those days.

"And above the storm and the howl of the wolf rose the shrill Indian war-whoop.

"[illegible], on, but not to reach the destined shelter.

Eva involuntarily gave a sob, and Jeff clenched his fists.

The eagle continued—

"The Indians were upon their trail.

"They might be upon them in another moment.

"The husband and Phineas kept their guns ready, and bade the wife flee to the border of the swamp.

"On, on! they soon overtook her [illegible].

"There was an Indian in sight.

"Better trust to the swamp than to the mercy of the Indians.

"The Indian was within ten yards of them, with uplifted tomahawk.

"Upon the husband fired; the Indian rolled over, and the three fugitives plunged into the swamp.

"Further, further, into the dismal swamp, not knowing whether the ground might give way beneath their feet.

"But they were guarded in safety, and the snow proved a friend, for it covered all traces of their path.

"Still the Indians knew they could not be far off.

"So they encamped and feasted.

"And the fugitives heard them, and had but little hope of escape.

"But the shots and the war-whoop had been heard at the settlement, and the strong hearted colonists rose up to succor the brother in distress.

"They knew the danger of living apart from the community, and they made their way to Ebon's farm.

"[illegible] there was no one there, but there were unmistakable traces of the Indians.

"With steady tramp, the colonists moved on.

"They fired several shots, and then through the still air rose a mighty chant that almost seemed a song of victory, the men's deep voices rolling out one of their grand old psalms.

"Wild and solemn it sounded, and the superstitious hearts of the Indians were filled with awe.

"And Ebon and his wife and Phineas heard it also, and a ray of hope came to them.

"They grasped each other's hands, but [illegible].

"Then they heard a wild confusion of sounds—the terrible war-whoop, shouts, [illegible] and volleys of musketry.

"How long it lasted they could not tell; it seemed like days and days.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Don't be Alarmed

at Bright's Disease [illegible] of the kidneys [illegible] Hop Bitters will [illegible] you, and it is the only thing that will.

UNDER THE SNOW.

BY PIPKIN.

A GIRL and boy wandered forth into a [illegible] pleasant garden that looked like [illegible] and, although it was wintry weather.

Suddenly the girl spoke.

"I wish St. Valentine had had the snowdrops instead of the crocus dedicated to him."

And as she spoke she knelt down, and, raising one of the white drooping flowers, she gazed lovingly at its pure white petals and at the delicate green tracery of the leaves of its inner cup.

"Ah!" said she; "what have you been waiting for so long?

"'Tis for the snow, under the snow,
With your ivory heads all bending low,
How many secrets you must know!"

The boy looked at her wonderingly.

"How can the flowers know anything?" he asked.

"Everything knows something," returned Leila, dreamily.

"But the flowers are dumb, and cannot tell one their thoughts.

"Their beauty speaks, and their fragrance breathes sweet thoughts into one's heart that one tries to put into words.

"But that is almost impossible."

"Of course it is," answered her companion.

"Now it is quite different with the birds; they can make themselves understood.

"They sing songs of thanksgiving, and their note of joy or mourning is easy to [illegible].

"[illegible] the lark is the joyful [illegible], [illegible] the owl of singing [illegible].

"And [illegible] speaks even more clearly, [illegible] sweet voices,' we [illegible] [illegible].

"No wonder St. Valentine cared for the birds, and you see that they are all fluttering out and singing a joyful song in honor of his birthday."

"Yes," said Leila, softly—

"'The birds in spring
Sweet chorus sing
To good St. Valentine.

"See, there are two sitting on a bough whispering to each other of the spring and summer days, and all that is going to happen.

"Where they shall live and how they shall build their nests.

"And three are two more flying towards them.

"And two more—always in pairs.

"Ah! that is because on Valentine's Day each bird chooses its mate."

"Of course," answered the boy.

"And the snowdrops are nodding their heads, as if they were keeping time to the birds' song," continued Leila.

"Doubtless they have been waiting to do honor to St. Valentine.

"They have lying patiently under the snow, and now that a warmer day has come they are saying—

"'We belong to the wreath that the flowers weave for Valentine's Day.'"

"You are always dreaming," said the boy.

"Listen," said Leila, "and I will tell you what happened a great many years ago.

"It was the snow-time, and the ice was on the waters, and the frost had breathed upon the trees, and their branches looked like silver.

"Silver, crystal, pearls, diamonds.

"People thought of these, but no one thought of flowers.

"Flowers belonged to summer days, and in the depth of the cold winter people had forgotten roses and lilies and honeysuckles, and thought only of the treasures of the underground world.

"But the tall, dark pine-trees, with their sparkling crowns, tossed their heads proudly, and said—

"'Winter cannot take away our beauty, for it is everlasting,' and the old yew in the churchyard, rich with scarlet berries, said

"'An everlasting majesty is [illegible].'

"But the rose-tree sadly bent its branches, and mourned the loss of the queen-flower, and that she had no subjects in the winter-time.

"And then, deep down, deep down under the snow, a gentle voice was heard murmuring—

"'Pure as pearl, and white as snow;
As carven ivory fair to see
We come the first ones flowers were blow.
Up, comrades, pierce the crystal snow;
Ring out your bells with glee.'

"And then, on hearing these words, the pine-trees tossed their heads, and the yew muttered.

"'Buried, buried down so deep,
All must until summer sleep.'

"But the frost-fairies knew better, and so did Mother Earth.

"[illegible] and sent [illegible] to tell [illegible] a sound of [illegible] and the sleeping of bell [illegible] ringing their points through the snow.

"And the sun looked down and lent a helping hand to the busy workers, until the pine-boughs, bending down, saw to their amazement, that in the woods and gardens white blossoms were raising their heads, just as if snowflakes had fallen amongst the tender green that was springing up.

"'Snowdrops! snowdrops!' said a robin upon a leafless bough, as he saw the flowers appear.

"'Snowdrops!' echoed the wind, and bore the name over the land, so that when the music of the bells was heard, and the fair white strangers nodded their heads, everybody exclaimed—

"'Snowdrops!' as though it were a name which they had known all their lives through.

"And these are the last," continued Leila.

"There will be no more snowdrops this year.

"The spring flowers are coming.

"The primroses will soon be seen in the hedgerows, and the river will be loosed from the ice, and the tall rushes will peep into the waters, and the meadows will be green, and the trees be covered with leaves.

"Ah, it be very beautiful upon the earth.

"No wonder the snow drops would like to see it, and so they are trying to wait."

"What nonsense you talk!" said the boy.

But Leila heeded them not; she was gathering the snowdrops.

"Oh, Leila! let them live out their days in the fresh open air."

But Leila shook her head.

"No, they have waited for St. Valentine, they shall do honor to him.

"They shall be my valentine."

"A valentine!"

"Yes.

"What prettier valentine could I have than a bunch of pure white snowdrops.

"There will be doves and flowers, and all sorts of fanciful devices and emblems going about, and my snowdrops will be as pretty as any of them.

"Besides, I shall think that the frost-fairies have spared them for me, and I shall wish that every one may have as beautiful a valentine as mine."

THE ECHO.—Little George was so very small that he did not know even what an echo was.

Once he was playing in the meadow, and as boys sometimes do, he thoughtlessly cried out at the top of his voice—

"Ho! ho!"

Instantly there came back to him from the wood "ho, ho!"

Surprised, he again called out—

"Who are you," and was answered—"who are you."

Half angry, he exclaimed—

"You are a bad boy," and the echo only [illegible].

George then went into a real passion, and began to call his invisible adversary all the hard names he knew.

The very one he of course got the same return.

Determined to punish his mocker, he searched the whole woods through and through, and could find no one.

Hereupon he ran home and told his mother that a naughty boy had concealed himself in the wood, and called him all sorts of wicked names.

The mother knew his mistake and replied—

"You are only accusing yourself my son, in accusing this unknown boy.

"What you heard was nothing but the echo of your own voice.

"If you had only spoken kind and friendly words, the same would have come back to you."

So it is in our everyday life.

The actions of others towards us are almost always the echoes of ours towards them.

If we treat others friendly, it rarely happens that they will not treat us the same.

If, however, we are rough and unkind, we can expect nothing better in return.

"Whate'er within the wood you cry,
The echo makes the same reply."

P. H. D.

MEN'S NAMES.—The study of men's names is as curious as it is interesting.

Arbitrary as they seem to-day, they all had their source evidently in some fitting fact.

Many surnames express the county, estate, or residence of their original, as Burgoyne, from Burgundy; Cornell, or Cornwallis, from Cornwall; Fleming, from Flandern; Gaskin and Gascoyne, from Gascony; Hanway, from Hainault; Polack, from Poland; Welsh, Walsh, and Wallis, from Wales; Coombs, Compton, Preston, Washington, from towns in the county of Sussex, England.

[illegible] the old parish, says every village in Normandy has sent a band to battle.

Dale, Forest, Hill, Wood, and the like, are derived from the character or situation of those who first bore the names.

The prefix "Mac" or "Mc," softened to "M" or "Ma," helped to form a number of names.

Thus, if a man lived on a moor, he would call himself Attamoor or Atmoor, if near a gate, Attagate or Agate.

Even the Dicks was in due time shortened to Dick and Nicks. Peter at the Seven Oaks made Peter Sheaks.

THE whole system is [illegible] by the many weaknesses and [illegible] upon our [illegible]. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a proper remedy to take in the spring to clear away the blood, invigorate the system, excite the liver to action, and restore the healthy tone and vigor of the system.

FAITH.

BY ALICE L. MCALILLY.

How long and dreary are the days,
They seem to linger as they go,
The damp air chills—the sun's slant rays,
Scarce glint the drifted banks of snow;
We gaze abroad and sigh,
The forest trees are bare and gaunt,
The meadow still is brown and sere,
Nor bird, nor song, has come to haunt
The places they so loved last year;
And yet the spring is nigh.

How do we know? Ah well, we say—
"This year, will be the same as last,"
And thus we hope from day to day,
And judge the future by the past;
For nature never grows old.
We speak of days that have gone by
And dream of other days to be,
With ready faith, no doubts can try,
That soon the leaf upon the tree
Will silently unfold.

Upon my garden plot no spear
Of green, the dead dank mould relieves.
And yet I know the time is near
When sweet breath'd hued flow'rs and leaves
Will bloom just as before.
O! that our faith in human-kind,
Were half so true as this! I know
That tender buds of love we'd find,
Springing from hearts where sorrow's snow,
Covers life's dead hopes o'er.

THE SNAKE-DANCE.

THE following is a traveler's narrative of the snake-dance, among the Moquis Indians, a northwestern tribe:

Preparations for the dance had been in progress for eight days. The snake-priests, forty-two in number, devoted the first four days to secret rites. The four succeeding days were employed in capturing the snakes which haunt the sandy plains around the village. With a wand, painted, and bearing at one end two black eagles' feathers, the priests caress the heads of the snakes as they coil in the sand. The snake-priests are supposed to have borrowed this idea from the habits of the eagle, which, when capturing snakes, is said to charm them to comparative harmlessness by hovering over and fanning them with a rapid and peculiar motion of its wings. Having secured a sufficient number of the reptiles, they are carried in sacks to the estufa—the council-house of the Moquis. This chamber is an excavation in the solid rock from nine to ten feet deep, by eighteen feet wide and twenty feet long, covered with poles, mud, and stones. Hung on the walls in fantastic groups are highly ornamented moccasins, breech-cloths, waistbands, rattles, and tortoise-shells.

On the morning of the dance we were granted admission to the estufa, and on descending by a ladder from the centre of the roof, we found the snakes, from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty in number, contained in large oval earthenware urns. Soon after we had entered a ceremony was gone through by those of the priesthood who were present. Pouring the living mass out of their urns, they, with their wands, drove them around the floor of the estufa from east to west, and then around an altar laid in the rock floor two feet from the west wall of the building.

The priests all wore waistband, breech-cloth, and moccasins fringed with red; besides which, their faces were painted, from forehead to mouth, black; from mouth over the chin, white; their bodies, pink; their arms and legs dyed a dark brown. Around the right leg, below the knee, was attached an ornament made of tortoise-shell, together with the horny part of a deer's hoof, which in the dancing that followed produced a sort of humming rattle resembling the noise of a rattlesnake in anger. During their exercises in the estufa, the priests drank freely from a large urn containing medicine-water.

The snake-dance itself took place about four o'clock in the afternoon. A cotton-wood grotto had been erected on the rock near the estufa, with a single buffalo robe tied firmly round it, leaving a small entrance on one side. Around this was traced a mystic circle thirty feet in diameter. Within the grotto the snakes were now deposited *en masse*.

The dancers were twenty-four in number, the remaining eighteen priests being reserved to receive the snakes from their hand, and to chant during the progress of the dance. The dancers first advanced towards the grotto, wands in hand. Then wheeling round, they separated twelve a side, and formed in a line, representing the two sides of a triangle, of which the grotto was the apex. The eighteen followed, dividing equally and facing the dancers, while all joined in a wild chant. The chief-priest then advanced to the centre of the grotto, bearing an urn of medicine-water from the estufa, two large sea-shells, and two stone figures of mountain lions. Chanting in a monotone, he stood for about ten minutes waving the urn in the air. Another dance and chant followed; upon the conclusion of which, the nearest priest on the right entered the grotto on hands and knees among the writhing and hideous mass, soon re-appearing with a large snake in his mouth, its head and tail twisted about his face. Being taken by the left arm by a fellow priest next him, he was led around the mystic circle. The snake was then dropped on some sacred corn meal which the squaws had scattered within its bounds. Immediately on falling the creature coiled in anger, whereupon one of the eighteen caressed its head with his wand and took it in his hands. The ceremony was then repeated by the other dancers, who, entering the grotto on hands and knees, brought out the snakes in their mouths, sometimes two at a time, and danced round the circle on the rocks with them, until the whole had been taken from the grotto and placed in the hands of the attendant priests. The snakes were then thrown, a writhing mass, into a pile of corn-meal, upon which the whole priesthood rushed pell-mell to the pile, and seizing them in their hands, divided into four bands, tore wildly down the rocky slopes, and liberated their captives in the sands on the north, south, east and west of the village.

Grains of Gold.

Keep the tongue from unkindness.

It is vain to gather virtues without humility.

The truly sublime is always easy and natural.

What men want is not talent—it is purpose.

Ungratefulness is the very poison of manhood.

Happy those who fearing God fear nothing else.

One always has time enough if he will apply it well.

As every golden thread is valuable, so is every minute.

Talk to the point, and stop when you have reached it.

It is wisdom to think, and folly to act without thinking.

The mother grace of all the graces is Christian good-will.

Ill fortune never crushed that man whom good fortune deceived not.

We should believe only in works; words are sold for nothing everywhere.

Genius at first is little more than a great capacity for receiving discipline.

Be at peace, without thinking of the future; there may be none for you.

Without earnestness no man is ever great, or does really great things.

What we charitably forgive will be recompensed as well as what we charitably give.

Prayer is not conquering God's reluctance, but taking hold of God's willingness.

To educate the mind, and let manners and heart run wild, curses humanity with mildew.

None are ruined by the justice of God but those who hate to be reformed by the grace of God.

Never let your zeal outrun your charity. The former is simply human, but the latter is divine.

Devote each day to the object then in time, and every evening will certainly find something done.

Be sure you are right, and go ahead. With right and duty you are always in good company.

All that is envinble is not bought; love, genius, beauty, are divine gifts that riches cannot acquire.

Beware of the first lie; it may require a dozen to hide it, in any one of which you are liable to be caught.

Those who would let anything take the place of Christianity, must first abolish all sorrow from the earth.

Seek through proper and honest effort to gain a good reputation, a possession every man should strive to secure.

For a man to think that he is going to do the work of a lifetime without obstacles, is to dream in the lap of folly.

As water runs down from the swelling hills, and flows together in the lowly vale, so grace flows not but into humble hearts.

The heart will commonly govern the head; and it is certain that any strong passion, set the wrong way, will soon infatuate even the wisest of men.

Endeavor to be always patient of the faults and imperfections of others, for thou hast many faults and imperfections of thine own that require a reciprocation of forbearance.

Femininities.

Men would be saints if they loved God as they love women.

A lover has all the virtues and all the defects that a husband has not.

Let no woman marry a man with the hope of sobering him afterwards.

The most politic, because the most effectual, way of governing a family, is for the husband occasionally to lay aside his supremacy.

It is the favor of man that gives the beauty and comeliness to woman, as the stream glitters no longer when the sun ceaseth to shine.

Fashionable girls have gone back to our grandmothers' days, and are making patchwork quilts. This is, indeed, commendable retrogression.

A Boston paper gives the following wise piece of advice to its bachelor readers: "Never marry a girl unless you have known her three days and a pic-nic."

"You're the plague of my life!" exclaimed an angry husband; "I wish the Old Nick had you." "So I might plague you in the next life?" inquired his wife.

No furniture can give such a finish to a room as a tender woman's face. And yet when a woman wants a new parlor set that argument won't work worth a cent.

A Mohammedan paper states that an inhabitant of India, 80 years old, has just paid 20,000 rupees for the hand of a girl of 11, and the marriage will soon take place.

What a woman should demand of a man in courtship, or after it, is, first—respect for her, as she is a woman, and next to that—to be respected by him above all other women.

Whoever doubts that the newspapers have a mission, should enter a car and see how useful they are to the men when a fat woman, with a big basket, is looking around for a seat.

Speaking of a lady who was forever telling of her aches and pains, said Fogg, "I always enjoy her conversation. It is a complete course of lectures on physiology, and nothing to pay."

At a fancy ball recently at Sydney, New South Wales, the wife of the editor of the Morning Herald appeared as "The Press," in several pages of the paper named, printed in colors on beautiful white satin.

Mrs. Smith, triumphantly: "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world!" Mr. Smith, cynically—"Yes, indeed, my dear, and that's why the world is so deuced badly governed."

No trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us.

Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake asks: "If twenty boys were brought up the same way as girls—laced, kept indoors, taught sewing, embroidery, and playing the piano—what sort of young men would they be at 21?"

A lady who had traveled in Europe, being asked which of the painters in the German galleries she liked most, replied that no one equaled Unbekannt (Unknown) for variety. He had pictures in all the galleries.

At Salida, Mo., a woman won $20 on a bet that she could chop a cord of wood sooner than a certain man. She would have lost her wager, however, had there not been in that vicinity a back-yard fence with another woman leaning over it.

"You have a distinguished company here," said old Mr. MacSchoddeigh, who was the first to make his appearance at the select supper given by a lady friend of his in the city. "Distinguished the dence!" she returned; "they are the waiters."

"Woman's rights!" exclaimed a certain man, when the subject was broached. "What more rights do they want? My wife bosses me; our daughters boss us both, and the servant girl bosses the whole family. It's time the men were allowed some rights."

It is a singular commentary on the superstition which regards the opal as unlucky, that the stone has always been a favorite with Queen Victoria; while on the other hand the ex-Empress Eugenie has always avoided it, considering it as a token of misfortune.

An officer in the regular army laughed at a timid woman, because she was alarmed at the noise of a cannon when a salute was fired. He subsequently married that timid woman, and she mourns afterwards he took off his boots in the hall when he came in late nights.

The question as to whether a husband has a right to exact that his better half shall build the fire is to be settled in Indiana. A minister's wife has raised the issue in a suit for divorce. The jury in the case have a very solemn duty to perform, indeed. This is a time when married men should stand together.

"When two gentlemen call on the same lady the same evening, one arriving earlier than the other, whose place is it to leave first?" asks a correspondent. The inquirer should have figured this out while going home, instead of trying to console himself with the reflection that the other fellow would probably miss the last car.

A girl 16 years of age is the captain of a band of Los Angelos, Cal., hoodlums, whose exploits have made them a terror of a certain section of the city. They are not only thieves, but burglars, as they recently cut out a pane of glass from a jewelry show window and abstracted a large quantity of valuables. The maiden captain plans all the movements of the gang.

No matter how industrious or economical a young man may be, his endeavors to save are wasted if he has a careless wife. He might just about as well be doomed to spend his whole strength and life in an attempt to catch water in a sieve. The effort would be scarcely less certainly in vain. Habits of economy, the way to turn everything in the household affairs to the best account—these are among the best things which every mother should teach their daughters. By neglecting so to do they make a great mistake.

News Notes.

President Arthur has five sisters and one brother.

A ton of pure gold will make something over $662,785.

Foreign travelers are estimated to spend $70,000,000 a year in Italy.

A few days ago the ice on Lake Winnipisiogee, N. H., was 23 inches thick.

Queen Victoria has seen but one theatrical performance since her widowhood.

Distilled water in the daylight is of a deep blue color. By gaslight it is green.

A large number of boys and girls in Nashville, Tenn., are going into silk culture this spring.

A new fan closely imitates a begonia leaf, in the centre of which a cluster of roses are grouped.

Seven years ago, Mr. Bell, of telephone fame, was a poor man. Now he is said to be worth $6,000,000.

A London physician says that the English sparrow is subject to smallpox, and can spread the disease.

Many beautiful and new styles of kid slippers for evening wear, have the low flat heel, or none at all.

Nine thousand Marshal Niel roses on one vine is the record for one year made by a grower in Newport, R. I.

A West Point cadet begins with the same pay which a Prussian captain receives after twenty years of service.

Among the ladies of Vienna fencing is very fashionable. The belles of Paris also indulge in the exercise.

"True Blue Presbyterianism" is a reference to the dark-blue gowns in which Knox and his companions preached.

The highest sum realized by George Eliot for any one of her later works was $75,000, while the lowest she received was $40,000.

A metallic coffin was found floating down the river at Louisville, Ky. It contained the body of a boy some fifteen years of age.

A boy in Vermont swallowed a handful of bird-shot to cure boils. The boy died, but the effect of the dose on the boils is not stated.

A wheat spray with a leaf forming a long pin and a tiny short pin of a single spray, are enclosed in one case, and are worn together as a lace pin.

The newest thing in house toilets is the Japanese wrapper, which is exceedingly striking and picturesque, and is generally made of some rich brocade.

Mountain parasols have sticks four feet long, and are designed to be used alike as cane or sunshade. They are covered with fancy silks or satins.

A New Hampshire man, 90 years old, without using spectacles, recently shot four squirrels with an old musket which did service in the Revolutionary war.

Leland Stanford, the California millionaire, once kept a small store in that State, where he retailed picks, pans, shovels, provisions and clothing to the miners.

There are still to be seen on the door of the Chapel of the Pyx, at Westminster Abbey, traces of the skin of a malefactor who was flayed alive for trying to rob the King's treasury.

Sam Scott, of Morgan county, Tenn., weighed 350 pounds, and his physicians compelled him to sleep kneeling, with his head on a chair. He lay down in bed the other night and died.

"Senator Bob Hart," the minstrel, who used to make $300 a week on the stage, now gets a weekly salary of $20, as a religious worker in New York. He confines his work to the poor, and seems to be happy.

In Lyons, France, the cold bath method of treating typhoid fever has been adopted with marked success. In the civil hospitals the death rate was reduced from 25 to 10 per cent., and in private practice to 1 or 2 per cent.

A Massachusetts paper says that a "reformed actor" is holding meetings in Boston, "assisted by reformed bookkeepers, plumbers, lightning-rod men, book agents, bank cashiers and weather prophets."

A new French gun is twenty-nine feet six inches long, weighs fifty tons, and costs $120,000. It is wire-bound, and is expected to put a ball through fifteen inches of armor, heavier than any on our monitors, at a distance of seven and a half miles.

As fortunes are considered now-a-days, Peter Cooper was not a very rich man. Four years ago he gave $1,000,000 to Edward Cooper, his only son, and A. S. Hewitt, his son-in-law. He reserved for himself an income of about $100,000, the most of which he gave away.

Great Britain is reducing her national debt each year about as much as the United States reduces its each month. It is still about twice in amount that of the United States. The English can pay up in full if they desire to do so, but that is no part of the National policy.

A woman in Espyville, this State, has introduced a startling innovation into the time-honored custom of giving birthday parties. She insisted that each guest, instead of purchasing a present at random, should contribute fifty cents, and that she should thus be left free to buy such presents as she might want.

TO AFFORD IMMEDIATE RELIEF IN ASTHMA, try Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, which acts promptly by overcoming the spasmodic contraction of the wind-tubes, and by causing the ejection of the mucus which clogs them. For Whooping Cough, Croup and Hoarseness, this medicine is equally beneficial: while for all Pulmonary and Bronchial Disorders, it is both a palliative and a curative, and a sure and prompt remedy for all stubborn Coughs and Colds.

ABOUT KISSING.

WHAT magic there is in a kiss! How diversified are its uses! It increases the joy of meeting and lessens the sorrow of parting.

It is the token of affection and esteem, and that of scheming and duplicity as well, for "when Laban heard the tidings of Jacob his sister's son, he ran to meet him, and embraced him, and kissed him."

Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, gave Steel, the butcher, a kiss for his vote; and Jane, the Duchess of Gordon, recruited her regiment in a similar manner.

The memory of a kiss which Sydney Smith received in his youth lasted him for forty years, and he said, "I believe it will be one of the last things I shall think of when I die."

And Jean Paul Richter, in his "Autobiography," which was written years after the occurrence, also tells us in graphic language of his earliest kiss, the one which he gave to pretty little Catharine Barin, as he met her on the ale-house steps in Schwarzenbach one winter night.

"It was the one pearl of a minute," he says, "that was never repeated; a whole longing past and a dreaming future were united in one moment, and in the darkness behind my closed eyes the fireworks of my whole life all revolved in a glance. Ah, I have never forgotten it—the ineffaceable moment."

And further on he tells us that upon his return home he received a severe scolding for running away, but that it had no effect upon him.

"The stream of words could not drain my paradise," he says, "for does it not bloom new to-day around and forth from my pen?"

Probably the most remarkable kiss upon record is that which was given by Queen Margaret to Alain Chartier more than four hundred years ago.

He was a poet, but the ugliest man in the whole of France.

During his lifetime he enjoyed a wonderful reputation, but after his death he was neglected and forgotten.

He is now chiefly remembered on account of the kiss which the Queen pressed upon his dreaming lips one day, as she found him sleeping, saying to her maid as she did so, "I kiss not the man; I kiss the soul that sings."

It seems that queens have ever looked kindly upon the practice; for good Queen Bess, as history tells us, "took right heartily" the kiss which Leicester, the friend of pretty Amy Robsart, was bold enough to place upon her lips.

The kiss, even from the very earliest times, has been an important implement in the armory of love.

Virgil makes it a means of inspiring a passion for Æneas in the breast of unhappy Dido.

Briseis, in her letter to Achilles, entreating him to return to the Grecian camp, is made by Ovid to say,——

"Oh, that the Greeks would send me hence, to try
If I could make your stubborn heart comply!
Few words I'd use; all should be sighs and tears,
And looks and kisses, mixed with hopes and fears."

And who can think that she would have failed, or that Achilles could have resisted such endearments?

Poor Sappho, after being deserted by Phaon, thought that life had no more charms, and longed only for, "restful death."

Therefore, she repaired to the promontory of Leucate, in Acarnania, on the top of which was a little temple, dedicated to Apollo, and flung herself into the sea.

But ere she did so she wrote him a plaintive letter, in which she says—

"You stopped with kisses my enchanting tongue,
And found my kisses sweeter than my song."

And many a poor, forsaken heart has echoed the same words in modern days!

It seems almost impossible that one could woo and wed without the assistance of the kiss, which speaks "such language as the tongue hath never spoken;" yet is said that the practice is almost unknown in China. An English naval officer, who had been paying attention to a Chinese maiden, wished to complete his conquest in the usual way, and asked her—using the English words—to give him a kiss. Finding that she did not comprehend him, he suited the action to the word, and snatched a delicious one from her cherry lips. The poor girl was thoroughly alarmed, and ran into another room, exclaiming, "Terrible man-eater, I shall be devoured!"

But in a moment, finding herself uninjured by the salute, she returned to his side, saying, "I would learn more of your strange rite. Ke-e-es me!"

Although he knew it wasn't "right," he kept on giving her the delightful instruction until she knew how to do it like a native English girl, and the lesson was only stopped by her mamma's voice, which rudely awakened them from their delicious dream.

SOME MODERN CHANGES.

THAT fashion should constantly alter, is not only an inevitable, but probably a desirable thing. Let us start with that most commonplace object, a tallow-candle. Where are the penny dips and the "long sixteens" of our youth? Well; we shall breathe no sigh of regret for them; peace be to their ashes, or rather their "snuffs," which were malodorous, productive of conflagrations, and exigent of constant trimming. And this last item brings us to the point—where are all the snuffers gone? It is only a few years since the snuffers-tray appeared regularly with the candles at nightfall; now they are never seen. As modern candles consume their own wicks, snuffers have become things of the past.

Who now possesses a tinder-box, or one of the old flare-up dipping-match and bottle arrangements?

If there be any such among the readers of this paper, we would say with emphasis: Keep them, and hand them down to your children's children, as an heirloom precious above rubies. Blue-blazing, ill-smelling, sputtering, suffocating phosphorous and sulphur matches, in their red and blue boxes, are rapidly becoming engulfed in the abyss of forgotten things too.

A watch key will, after a time, become an interesting curiosity, and be transmitted to posterity as evidence of those dark ages when keyless watches were not in universal use. And what—oh, whatever will future generations think of a warming-pan! already at the present day seen only in the hands of the clown in Christmas pantomimes, and by him employed as a weapon of offence. Let us trust that our descendants may be oblivious of any other purpose which the hideous article could serve, and that a fossil clown with an ancient warming-pan may be dug up somewhere or other for their edification.

For, whatever its utility may have been at a bygone period, is not the survival of such an atrocity now an insult to an age of india-rubber, to a land flowing with elastic hot water bottles, pillows, cushions, and beds—to an era of æsthetic comfort—to the days of well-built houses, well-fitting window-sashes, impermeable roofs, decent drainage, and damp-excluding doors, of bedroom fires, and eider-down quilts.

Great simplification has been effected of late years in our appliances for writing; but there is room for much more. The most ordinary incident of our every-day business, that of writing a letter, is perhaps more cumbrous and complicated in its necessary arrangements than anything else coming within the pale of that civilization which, like charity, should begin at home.

The pen, the penholder, the ink and inkstand, the blotting-paper, the sealing-wax occasionally, and the postage-stamp—surely, it is high time that some of these were consigned to the limbo whither the sandbox has already departed, and wafers are fast going.

Stylographic pens are a step in the right direction; but perhaps some better kind of indelible pencil than those which already exist would be more fitted to answer the requirements of caligraphic man.

The snuff-box, with all its historical and classical associations, is doomed, and "collections" of those articles are even now to be met with in the possession of people whose particular fancy it is to establish private museums of different things. It is curious to note that the snuff-box, so frequently placed in the hands of their characters by the playwright of the last century, has but a poor successor in the pipe, cigar, or other accessory of nicotine worship, in the favor of modern writers.

DON'T be afraid to work; life is short, and you will have time enough to rest when it is over.

WHEN you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to $1.00 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

THE BRAVE ENGINEER.

"What would you do?" asked the fireman grim,
Of the sooty engineer,
As the latter turned and looked at him
With a patent self-coupling sneer;
"What would you do if you jumped the track,
With another train in view,
And found you couldn't stop or back,
Then what d'ye s'pose ye'd do?"

"Do?" cried the sooty engineer,
With a look of pluck on toast,
"You bet your shovel I'd stay right here,
And perish at my post!"
And the fireman gazed with mute respect
On his chum, and fed the flame,
And wondered, if the train were wrecked,
If he could prove as game.

The engine tore the starless night
Into long, thin shreds of dark,
And marked the headlong, reckless flight
With many a blazing spark:
And the engineer, on his locker perched,
Looked down on his humble friend,
Until on a switch the engine lurched,
And canted end o'er end!

And there in the broken, steaming wreck,
The luckless fireman lay,
With a badly dislocated neck
And a general look of decay.
And the passengers gazed upon the smash,
Where the ditch and the engine bumped,
To see the engineer all hash,
But they didn't—he had jumped!

—S. T. OLEN.

Humorous.

What is that which nobody wants, yet nobody likes to loose? A lawsuit.

There is a fight over quinine in the market, and it is naturally a bitter one.

When the button comes off the back of a man's shirt his choler begins to rise.

Why is a railroad so patriotic? Give it up? Because it is bound to the country with the strongest ties.

Attention is drawn to the fact that the man with the heaviest gold watch chain usually has a silver watch at the end of it.

Why is a cab-horse the most miserable of all created beings? Because his thoughts are ever on the rack, and his greatest joy is wo-e!

"Seats for shop-girls"—certainly. A great many of our nice young men understand the art of so adjusting their knees that an excellent seat for shop-girls is the result.

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PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

To the Consumptive.—Wilbor's Compound Cod-Liver Oil and Lime, without possessing the very nauseating flavor of the article as before used, is endowed by the Phosphate of Lime with a healing property which renders the Oil doubly efficacious. Remarkable testimonials of its efficacy can be shown to those who desire to see them. Sold by the proprietor, A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, and all druggists.

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ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.
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Looseness, Diarrhœa, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.
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For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

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"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Eklo, Md., March 10, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

S. L. C.

Lexington, Mo., March 9, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

V. L. W.

Philadelphia, Pa., March 14, '83.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Gleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

C. D.

Coon Island, Pa., March 9, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

M. M. T.

Soddy, Tenn., March 9, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

N. C.

South Harpswell, Me., March 8, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

N. A. T.

Rossville, Pa., March 12, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

E. N. M.

Nantucket, Mass., March 6, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

H. S.

Elkton, Neb., March 7, '83.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

R. R. M.

Flushing, N. Y., March 12, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

C. W.

St. George, Utah., March 5, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

E. R. G.

Shellbina, Mo., March 8, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

M. A.

Longview, Ky., March 9, '83.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

B. A. W.

Burton, Tex, March. 6, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

E. H. L.

Kosse, Tex., March 9, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

F. M. W.

Beerville, Tex., March 6, '83.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

B. F.

Lewiston, Idaho, March 8, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

C. E. B.

Parnell, Ky., March 9, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

M. M. L.

Facetiæ.

A composer—A dull sermon.

Only colored individuals can be black balled.

Is a clothing-store a coterie, a pantry, or a vestry?

The rai'road signal-man does a flourishing business.

If you want to make up for lost time, buy another watch.

A Strange and Startling Dream!

IS THERE A SPIRIT WORLD?

A remarkable dream or preternatural visitation recently occurred in Louisville, Ky.: Mr. V. E. Morera, a gentleman well and favorably known about town, on retiring for the night, feeling unwell and nervous was very restless in his sleep, but seemed to himself to be wide awake and in full control of his senses. A vision appeared in his dream showing him a large flaming number commanding him to obtain it from the lottery, and then vanished. The dream was so startling as to fully awaken him, and although one who never believed in lotteries or upheld them, yet try as he would he could not shake off the vision or forget the numbers which seemed to be burned in his brain. Finally he called at the office of the Commonwealth Distribution Co., and paying $1, asked for a ticket with the numbers of his dream on it. Fortunately the number was unsold, and his ticket given him. The drawing was soon to come off and so nervous and excited had he become that, although against his principles, he determined to witness it, and strangely enough, he saw his number drawn from the wheel and the handsome prize of $5,000 was his. Was this simply a coincidence? Who can tell? Drawing has always taken place in Louisville, Ky., April 30th: 1,000 prizes, amounting to $102,400. Whole Tickets were only $2. Address R. M. Boardman, Louisville, Ky.

What Every Man Wants to Know.

"Just what hotel to stop at," is what every man wants to know when he leaves home. As some of our many readers may not be decided upon this point, we regard it an unlimited pleasure to recommend all those contemplating a visit to the city of New York, to stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite the Grand Central Depot. Carriage hire and the expense of baggage transfer will be saved; an elegant room can be obtained at $1 per day and upwards; attendance received will be both prompt and courteous; while the restaurant, cafe, lunch and wine rooms are the finest in the country. In a word, a single person or family can live cheaper at the Grand Union than at any other first-class hotel in New York. Stages, horse cars and elevated railways pass the door for all parts of the city. Take our advice and try the Grand Union.

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Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 24 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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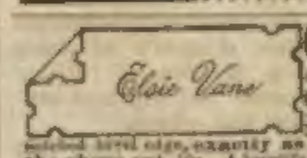

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OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.
"Independence, Texas, Sept. 26, 1882.
Gentlemen:
Ayer's Hair Vigor
Has been used in my household for three reasons:—
1st. To prevent falling out of the hair.
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It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully,
WM. CAREY CRANE."

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
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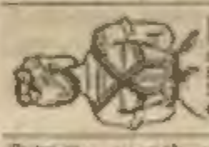

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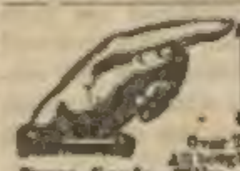

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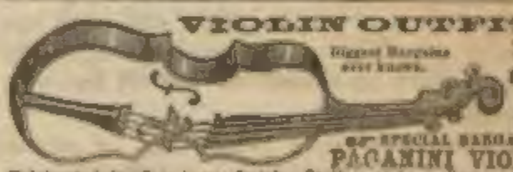

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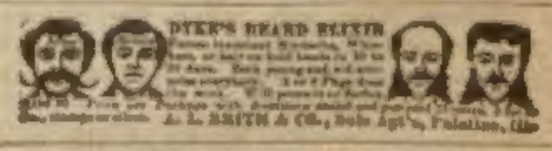

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

As usual, the report that simpler modes were to prevail with the new spring costumes has proved entirely illusory.

The only approach to simplicity is to be met with in the costumes intended for morning wear, and even in this case the simplicity does not entail economy, for the dress must be made to perfection and must show some originality of design, and these two qualities can be obtained only at the best houses.

Costumes of plain cloth ornamented with bands of velvet in a darker shade look very well, as in a costume of hussar blue cloth trimmed with seven bands of navy blue velvet cut in lance points at the edge, and falling over pleated flounces.

The velvet points are stiffly lined and fall below the pleatings, this trimming covering the front and sides of the skirt.

Large pleats are more worn than small ones, and every means are taken to vary them as much as possible.

Very pretty walking costumes are made of silk and woollen cashmeres, Smyrna brooches in small patterns, narrow stripes with a tiny design bordering a wider stripe with a larger pattern.

Simplicity and economy have very little to do with visiting toilettes, as the following description of a lately made dress will prove The costume consists of fawn-colored Indian cashmere and seal-brown plush, the cashmere being almost entirely covered with plush appliques representing large roses with their foliage bordered with embroidery.

Edging the skirt is a flounce of plush appearing below the tablier in large flat pleats, at the back there is a thick ruche of brown satin headed by a box-pleated flounce of plush.

A band of embroidered cashmere is placed above a large pouf of plush, gathered at the waist like the dress of an Italian peasant woman.

The corsage is of plush with short basques and a large pouf raised on one side by pleats and a satin bow.

The front of the corsage is a bouillonne of satin fastened in at the waist by bands of cashmere with plush applications.

The skirts, although they look so narrow and close fitting, are not nearly so scanty as they used to be, the tight effect being now obtained by the arrangement of the skirt, drawn into deep box pleats behind, and thus leaving the front and sides plain and tight fitting; this result is also considerably assisted by the voluminous tournure.

Ball dress skirts are usually quite plain, merely trimmed at the edge, and with the ruche or coquille of lace which edges the paniers, scarf, or draperies placed beneath the corsage.

The tablier is quite plain, real, or simulated, and be of the same or a different material from the rest of the dress, trimmed with bows, ribbon loops, bouquets, garlands, and sprays of flowers.

Some skirts are draped with gauze, on which are sprinkled bouquets or sprays of flowers.

Large bows and long loops of satin ribbon figure largely in the trimming of the evening toilettes, and so do silver and gold fringes, the latter ornamenting white or black dresses very effectively.

Some evening dresses, although very low in front, are exceptionally high at the back, as many have a Medici collar, but on the whole the preference is shown for corsages cut low both back and front.

A good many dancing dresses are entirely black, even those not intended for mourning wear, and upon these little jet stars or drops of beads look very well, drawing in puffings of tulle or net.

Silk and woollen fabrics are still to be used in striped Indian shawl patterns; casaques of these materials, tight fitting, and rather short, will be worn with skirts of plain Indian or French cashmere as outdoor costumes; for indoor wear the corsage is also of the figured material but made in a different style, with points and revers; the skirt of plain cashmere, in periwinkle color, is pleated, with robings of the figured material at the sides.

Mousseline-de-laine is one of the most popular fabrics for spring dresses; but there are also morine and tweed textures, basket cloths, and armures, and pretty fancy woollens with satin stripes and checks on the surface, while the variety in design and coloring is still greater than that in texture. Stripes are once more fashionable; they are seen upon all fabrics, silks, woollens, cambrics, and muslins.

In silks the pekin style is mostly adopted, that is, stripes of equal size, satin and faille, or gros-grains and moire stripes; shot stripes and plain ones are also a favorite combination, while in other models floriated stripes alternate with satin or moire ones.

In woollen fabrics we have alternate plain and chined stripes, plain and streaked, or plain and checked stripes.

Checks and dots also appear, especially in mousseline-de-laines, nun's veiling, albatross cloth, French bunting, and thin camel's-hair fabrics, also in foulards, cambrics, and muslins.

A very pretty black toilet, I noticed, made of satin merveilleux, with a short skirt fully draped and puffed at the back, a wide, double ruche at the edge, and the tablier covered with rows of Spanish lace set on with small jet butterflies, one very large one being used in the drapery. The pointed bodice was cut open to a sharp point, both front and back, with full lace ruche studded with butterflies, and a pleated lace inside a frill of the same forming the sleeve; or, I should say, hiding the absence of one.

Another black toilet of tulle over satin had the former material puffed over the latter with stars of gold bugles, and bodice paniers and sash of satin, trimmed with gold fringe.

A very pretty material for evening dresses is the velvet-spotted tulle, which, more solid than the plain, can be used for draperies with good effect, and another for a similar purpose is guaze, with silk stripes, flaked with gold or silver. Drapings of tulle which cover satin skirts have the quaintest embroideries.

All styles of woollen materials are in favor, while one scarcely dares to express as yet an opinion as to cotton goods, not knowing whether we shall enjoy anything like a warm summer.

Through trains appear in the dresses of ceremony of the season, the short costume will certainly be more successful than the trained for the spring; most of the new models have the skirt pleated in large round pleats.

A sort of tunic or double skirt is draped over this, and the bodice is made with basques.

The skirt is often made, as well as the bodice, of some plain material; while the tunic and trimmings are of some brocaded, striped, or otherwise figured material. The neck is finished by the narrow turned-up officer's collar and deep cuffs.

In other models the skirt and bodice are of plain faille, while the draperies and trimmings are of nun's veiling, or some of the light woollen materials now so fashionable; the tunic is draped behind in sagging puffs, but is in general much shorter than it was last year.

A great many of the "tabbed" bodices are braided, and have small round buttons in the style of a Highland soldier's jacket.

The "tabs" are put on separately, the bodice being pointed, and bound with braid.

Other bodices are braided in a very uncommon and original way, combining the Greek and Indian styles.

The jacket, cuffs, and waistcoat are thus ornamented. A waistcoat, with colored front and sleeves of the material of the costume, intended to be worn with a sleeveless bodice, is arranged to vary the color, with ease.

The colored front fastens at each side to the rest, and can be buttoned on and unbuttoned.

It is pointed in front, and fills in the space between the two points of the bodice, which is either perfectly close-fitting, or with fitting back and sides and loose in front.

The skirt of this costume is plain, like a habit, except at the back, where there are full plaits, and is open down the front, showing a colored plait, and connected with brandebourgs.

The bodice is also ornamented with brandebourgs. Sometimes, with this style of skirt, the basque tails reach down to the edge of the skirt, and form two tolerably wide plaits down the back.

A novel and becoming cloak is tight-fitting in front, with sleeves made all in one with the cape; the cape is finished off with a large bow of satin at the back, resting on the full plaits of the skirt.

Fireside Chat.

THE latest novelty in baby carriages is in the shape of a canoe, and is of close wicker-work.

Raised upon double springs above high wheels, it is lined with tufted velvet or plush, the seat and cushion being of the same material, the latter edged with a cord and lace and finished at the corners with handsome tassels.

Lamp-shades are made in tinted glass, semi-opaque, and painted in floral designs in vivid colors.

Yellow, pink, and blue are the fashionable tints, which form admirable background for roses, lilies, and violets.

A fashionable quilt is made of silk patchwork in every variety of color. Pieces of embossed, shaded, and gross grain silk of every possible shape are joined together with gold silk in elaborate feather stitch, and form a square, which is edged with a very deep bordering of dark plush and lined with quilted crimson satin.

A very handsome fire-screen is on exhibition in which a landscape design is worked in long stitch in floselles upon a square of handsome shaded crimson silk, the shades graduating in such a way as to represent the appearance of light and shade through the foliage.

It is lined with embossed leather and mounted in a handsome frame-work of carved ebony.

A novelty in photograph frames is in the shape of a Gothic gateway, brick-work and ornaments being alike carved in hard wood, oak, mahogany, or walnut.

The effect is singularly good, and they are specially adapted for large-sized portraits to stand on a shelf or mantel.

Fashionable portieres are now of striped materials in graduated shades, a bar of silver or gold thread dividing the stripes.

They are cut exactly the right length and reach the floor and fall in straight heavy folds, no attempt being made to drape them. Very pretty shapes in Dresden and old chinaware are now used for growing bulbs for table decoration filled with mold.

The surface is covered with fresh green moss, and the effect, as the plants put forth their shoots, is very happy.

A very comfortable lounge for a morning room or boudoir is in rattan. The seat is exceptionally wide and the upper end rolls over and forms an admirable support for the head or for the reception of cushions.

Footstools to match are decorated in bright ribbons. Very effective tidies are made in strips in fisherman's twine, crocheted in open link and joined together at regular intervals.

They are made very effective by the insertion of gray satin ribbons of every color, finished off at the ends with little bows. A very handsome suit of parlor furniture is in peacock-blue plush, deep stripes running across the backs and along the seats in a handsome design embossed upon the same material and in the same color.

A hanging cabinet is covered with stamped terra cotta plush, and has eight irregular shelves, each one decorated with a handsome railing in fine open brass-work, and containing compartments large enough to hold a moderately sized piece of bric-a-brac.

Colored table-cloths for the dining-room are of jute plush, but are no longer plain in the centre.

In addition to a handsome printed border in Moorish or Arabesque design, they now have an effective circular design in the centre.

A handsome cover for a grand piano is in plush, velvet, and silk; the centre being of dark plush, has a deep bordering of olive velvet, triangular pieces of rich-colored silks being placed at intervals where the bordering is sewed on.

Upon each separate triangle a design is worked in raised embroidery, while in the centre a handsome pattern is carved out in very elaborate ribbon-work.

A novelty in screens is seen in the introduction of panels of matting. This material takes oil color well and forms an admirable neutral background for floral designs, landscapes, or allegorical representations.

Frames for this material are usually of dark woods, mahogany, red wood, or ebonized cherry.

Effective hangings for small windows can be made out of fashion drapery of dark color by placing deep stripes of lighter color in felt or cloth across the top and bottom within six inches of the edges.

When the stripes are in position they can be sewed on in fancy stitches in colored crewels or silks, the stitches reaching some distance over the edge of the stripe on to the body of the material, and so forming a sort of bordering, which can be made very effective.

A very satisfactory addition to a bed-room is found in the three and four fold Japanese looking-glass.

Hung in a favorable light, between two windows or opposite a larger mirror, it serves the double purpose of reflecting the figure at various angles and of giving an appearance of size to the room.

The latest flat-houses in the city are finished in hard wood—mahogany, oak, and cherry being the favorite combinations—and have exceptionally handsome gas fittings.

It is the fashion now to have the latter of very light workmanship, and to ornament them with crystals and jewels of colored glass.

The central portion, from which the branches radiate, is often beautifully enamelled or painted, and adds greatly to the appearance of the chandelier.

Even on stairways the branch brackets are of the same light style, the shades being particularly handsome in engraved designs. The handsomest open fire-places in London are furnished with tiles in Wedgewood ware, which represent scenes from Shakespeare, accompanied with quotations.

Those derived from "Macbeth," "The Winter's Tale," and "Twelfth Night" are favorites.

Small panels of colored glass are hung in the windows of modern houses; those for the dining-room may represent the seasons, while larger panels with designs representing flights of birds are admirably adapted for conservatories and aviaries.

Correspondence.

MARY.—Such a thing is impossible.

INQUIRER.—No reduction in rates on account of not taking premium. See page 8.

CROUCHIK, (New York, N. Y.)—Keep your distance from the young gentleman. Show him a little independence. The next time he lifts his hat to you, take no notice of it or him.

A. B. C., (Thoroughfare, N. J.)—Ammonia will take the grease out of a coat, but you can do nothing to restore the sleeves. Why don't you keep an old coat in the office to put on when you are writing?

CORNER, (Phila., Pa.)—You should write on good white paper, with good black ink, in a plain hand. The manuscript should be sent by post. If a person has a talent for writing serial stories he can do well at it; otherwise, he had better, as you say, "let it alone."

MUSIC, (Woodbury, N. J.)—That would depend upon her natural ability. If she has a great talent for music and no talent for accounts, she would do better to take lessons on the piano. But if she has no talent for music and great talent for accounts, and is so situated that she must earn her own living, then lessons in bookkeeping would be the more useful.

DARBY, (Hartford, Conn.)—"Honesty is the best policy." Certainly, if your wife is ever likely to become acquainted with the circumstances, it is best to let her know beforehand. Whether or not the thing is serious enough to be communicated to her as you put it, you only can decide. If she is to hear of the matter at all, it is better that she should hear it from you than from a third party.

H. S. S., (Lycoming, Pa.)—Steady and ordinary mental work. Nothing so quickly tames a rebellious imagination as earnest exercise and industry in mind-labor. Give the faculty of thought something to do; keep it fully occupied with an engrossing task, or series of tasks. Have something always on hand to engage the thinking powers, and so tax their energies that they may not be able to riot at the bidding of a truant fancy.

EDWARD, (Camden, N. J.)—Scientists teach that there is an intimate relation between volcanoes and earthquakes: that earthquakes are more numerous in the volcanic regions of the globe, and that they are sometimes attended by the growth of formation of volcanoes where none previous existed. It sometimes happens, however, that an earthquake occurs remote from volcanic regions, and has no traceable connection with volcanoes.

FANNIE C., (Washington, D. C.)—Your friend, in all probability, does not know how unpleasant his remarks sound. You should tell him plainly, but without any anger, that he hurts your feelings, and that if he continues to make himself disagreeable you must give up his acquaintance. It is likely that he will be very much surprised at your charge against him, and, if he has much sense, some time or other, he will be very much obliged to you for correcting him.

CARRY, (Morgan, Ind.)—Ointment to cure chilblains or chapped hands:—Sweet oil, one pint; Venice turpentine, three ounces; hogs' lard, half a pound; beeswax, three ounces. Put all into a pipkin over a slow fire, and stir it with a wooden spoon till the beeswax is all melted and the ingredients simmer. It is fit for use as soon as cold, but the longer it is kept the better it will be. It must be spread very thin on soft rag, or (for chaps or cracks) rubbed on the hands when you go to bed. A visitor to a large poor district has never known this to fail.

BELLEVUE, (Lee, Iowa.)—There are twice as many square inches in a circle twenty-four inches in diameter as there are in two circles, each of which is twelve inches in diameter. You can see this more readily if you take squares instead of circles. Draw two squares, each twelve inches in diameter, and you can see at once that the area of the latter is twice as much as the area of the other two squares taken together. Then by drawing circles of the different diameters mentioned you can see that the same thing is true with regard to them. The mathematical process of finding the area of a circle is too long for insertion here.

ROSEBUD, (Brooklyn, N. Y.)—You are in a fair way to get married soon to the man you love. By the first remark he undoubtedly meant that when he was married to you, which he apparently hopes to be soon, that he had so much confidence in your judgment, that whatever you should do would seem to him to be right and proper. By the second remark, that he is in love with you, and that he is only waiting for some indication on your part that you are to love with him. By the third remark, that he has made up his mind to marry you if you will only give him anything like a favorable opportunity to pop the question.

MAME, (Nevada, Cal.)—Nothing could be meaner than his conduct to you in particular, except his base and low view of life in general, which makes him desire five or six years of "freedom"—that is, freedom to follow debasing pleasures before settling down. You will probably suffer some pain and heartache, but you are not nearly so much to be pitied as you would be if you were married to this person, who made love to you for amusement. The good emperor, Marcus Aurelius, when sick and weary with the perversity of men, used to strengthen himself with the thought that the wicked are following courses that can bring them no real peace, and that they deserve contempt more than anger; pity as well as condemnation. In the same way one should mix much pity with the contempt and dislike felt for one whose views of life are as low as are those of this young man.

READER, (Hanover, Va.)—Good nature is one of the most precious commodities of life, both to the possessors and all that come in contact with them. There is so much care in life, so many that are victims of low spirits, so much of sorrow, so many that are languid, through sickness, or grief, or watching, or want, that anyone who can throw a ray of light upon their spirits is a benefactor indeed. Good nature is the most practical of all kinds of benevolence. It gives itself forth without measure. It shines like the sun, into all places, high and low alike. It chooses nothing, but blesses all without discrimination. It allays strife, pours oil upon friction, lightens the task of life, and diffuses a cheer and glow which wine cannot give: and all this, too, while the cause of all this blessing is himself blessed above all. Knowing all this, your duty is plain.